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THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

Editorial Foreword

ONE OF THE fantastic situations of our topsy-turvy times is the spectacle of two distinguished university presidents enlisted together with a cardinal of the church as devil's advocates against one of our most enlightened measures of national reform.

On October 1, 1924, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, in a letter to all clergy in his diocese declared, "I would recommend that you bring to the attention of your parishioners at all the Masses on Sunday, October 5th, the dangers hidden in the proposed Child Labor Amendment and the necessity of their registering during the week and of their voting on election day to protect the interests of their children." On that Sunday of ill omen the proposed Amendment was denounced from numerous pulpits, not excepting the pulpit in Holy Cross Cathedral, where the Cardinal presided at Solemn High Mass. In a referendum to the people on election day Massachusetts voted against ratification 696,000 to 247,000.

In 1934 Massachusetts, like the majority of the states, is reconsidering the Amendment. This year a veteran educator, Dr. Lowell, President Emeritus of Harvard, has taken his stand with the Cardinal in dreary protest, and in New York State the opposition is also led by a college president, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University.

Much of the opposition to the Amendment arises from two grounds. The first is emotional prejudice, a feeling akin to that which formerly prolonged the institution of slavery. Witness the fiery outburst of certain newspapers last month and the sentimental paragraphs about newsboys, after President Roosevelt, commenting on the newspaper code, declared that the freedom of the press "is not freedom to work children." The second ground of objection is imagined interference with parental authority to prevent little Willie from milking the cow and little Susie from washing the dishes. In fact, of course, the Amendment proposes to do only what the states after a century of agitation have not been able to accomplish: to remove children from the ranks of paid labor.

II

THE FEDERAL Child Labor Amendment was submitted to the states by a joint resolution of Congress in the summer of 1924. The record of Congress at that time was non-political, non-religious, non-sectional. The Amendment was drafted in the Senate jointly by a Catholic Democrat from the West and a Protestant Republican from the East. The words of the Amendment about which there is

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so much misinformation are direct and straightforward:

"Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under 18 years of age.

"Section 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of the State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by Congress."

The passage of the Amendment in Congress represented the triumph of long years of struggle to remove American children from mines, mills, and sweatshops and give them a civilized deal. Congress had enacted two federal child-labor laws, in 1916 and in 1919, but both had in turn been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Rejoicing over the proposed Amendment also proved short-lived. One state, Arkansas, stepped forward and ratified the Amendment in 1924. The legislatures of three states — Arizona, California, Wisconsin — followed in 1925, with Montana in 1927 and Colorado in 1931. With these six states ratification rested on its oars. Hard-boiledism had scored another temporary reaction. The high tide of the New Era swept every available infant back into the works.

III

In 1933, with the official abandonment of the New Era in favor of the New Deal, the rights of children again became an actual, instead of an academic, matter. Under the NRA child labor was ostracized for two years. The code of the cotton-textile industry, excluding from employment persons under sixteen years of age, established a precedent for two hundred other codes. By and large throughout the South the factories have been evacuated of infant labor. Children, released from mills and mines, are now in school where they belong.

The nation approves of the square deal children are receiving under the New Deal, and the movement to make this condition permanent by constitutional amendment has taken on new vigor. In 1933 fourteen state legislatures ratified the Federal Child Labor Amendment, including eleven which had previously denounced it. The 1933 roll of honor in the order of ratification consists of Oregon, Washington, North Dakota, Ohio, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Illinois, Oklahoma, Iowa, West Virginia, Minnesota, Maine, and Pennsylvania. The Amendment has now been ratified by twenty states. Sixteen more states are needed to complete the three fourths necessary for adoption.

President Butler, in his attack on the Amendment, suggests that the Amendment is already dead, as more than one fourth of the legislatures voted against it nine years ago. For this argument he has no statutory authority. Again, President Butler pleads for the spread of social morals by custom instead of law; he maintains that our national attitude toward children is steadily improving. The answer to President Butler is that we do not grow good fast enough, and that with economic changes our social morals are likely to slump again.

One of the popular objections to the Amendment is the bogey of states' rights. But state regulation of child labor has proved impractical for a century. Uneven state laws, uneven economic conditions have forced children in one state into industrial competition with adults in another. Industries fly by night across state borders into states where child-labor laws are lax. The textile industry closes factories in New Hampshire and builds new ones in South Carolina. Uniformity is essential, and by no way can this be effected except by federal law.

In our decade a new and irresistible argument demands the nation-wide removal of children from American mines, factories, and sweatshops. Technological unemployment is a fact, not a fancy. Even the most optimistic planners of the New Deal foresee an irreducible minimum of five million permanently thrown out of work. Let us begin at the bottom of the age scale and remove forever the millions of our youth from competition in industry, releasing jobs for adults and giving to children additional years of education and preparation for a richer and fuller life. The future of America lies with the children of to-day.

If you live in one of the twenty-eight states whose legislature has not yet ratified the Child Labor Amendment assert your citizenship by writing to your governor to urge action upon your legislature.

Henry Goddard Leach

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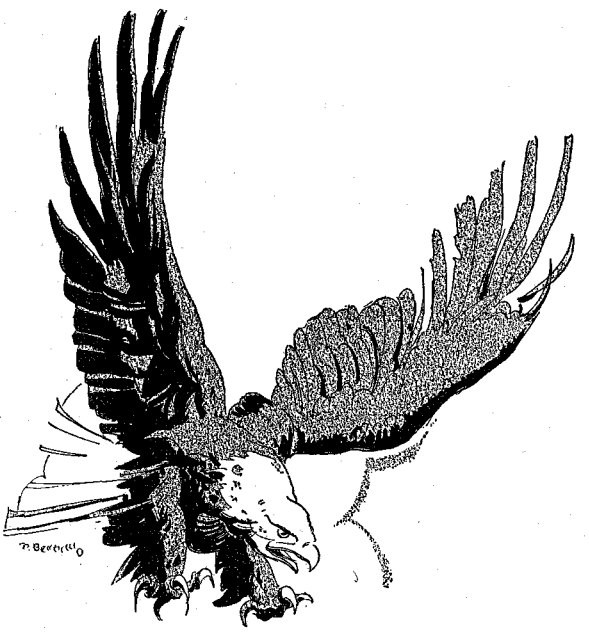
PREFACE TO AN AMERICAN MANIFESTO

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH



No man really concerned with the failure of the revolutionary movement in America need deceive himself as to the cause. The cause is obvious. The American revolutionary movement has stalled because it is a movement conceived, delivered, and nurtured in negatives. Its impulse is hatred. Its one convincing aim is the destruction of the existing order. Its one vital dream is the establishment of a repressive control which will make the destruction of the existing order permanent and complete. And its leaders, the writers and journalists who shape its thought, are for the most part intellectual terrorists, seizing whatever concept will most effectively destroy. There are, of course, great and notable exceptions. There are men like John Dos Passos who are moved by a generous passion for justice profound as the instinct of an animal. There are men like Edmund Wilson who are preserved from hatred by the pure integrity of their minds. But for the most part the emotion which excites and inspires American revolutionary writers is the emotion of hate.

And from hatred there springs no life. Not even when its object is worthy of its spleen. The Great American Capitalist and his son and his daughter-in-law and his banking system might well have been begotten explicitly for hatefulness. They have all the attributes of hatefulness: they are greedy; they are arrogant; they are gross; they lack honor; their existence insults the intelligence. It is a pleasure — almost a duty — to hate them. But the emotion with which they are regarded is hatred nevertheless. And hatred merely kills. To crucify a banker in the name of the brotherhood of man is to crucify a banker and no more. Unless it serve to justify Carl Sandburg's pungent saying that the brotherhood of man "is sometimes not so much a beautiful dream as a humiliating reality."

The great vice of hatred, the reason why moralists have condemned it, is that it brings about, not the creation of new life, but merely the destruction of old. The man who carries his loathing tied around his neck like a dead bird has but one notion of heaven — to be rid of the rotting thing. And to be rid of evil is not to obtain good. Revolutions which are made merely *against* the existing world are inevitably made in its opposite — which is to say in its image. And revolutionary thinking of the so-called realistic and scientific kind which develops the future inevitably, and by inescapable evolution, out of the ills of the present and the evils of the past is revolutionary thinking in which all the virtues of tomorrow are merely the absence of the vices of to-day. It is a wonderful thing for men living under exploitation to look forward to the day when they shall no longer live under exploitation. But it is also a wonderful thing for a man living under the agony of a wound to look

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forward to the day when the agony of the wound shall be gone. And nevertheless absence of pain, as almost all men have learned who have experienced it, is not at all the same thing as the presence of pleasure.

It is for this reason that so much of the revolutionary writing of our time is flat. Or rather it is for this reason that so much of it sounds flat in the crisis of the spirit in which we find ourselves. In casual times there is a considerable excitement and satisfaction to be taken from the magazine articles and the books and the editorials which let fly at the plate-glass windows of the world with anything which may have weight enough to break them. But in years such as these men require something else. They require a believable purpose in destruction. They require a believable picture of something better to come. And when they are given instead a kind of intellectual misrepresentation and fraud — when the promises implied in a writer's indictment of the existing world are never, in his prophecies of a better world, performed — the result is a sense of flatness and disillusion and defeat. The preamble, the instigation to revolt, may be as persuasive as it pleases. The Whereas-es may explode like trench bombs. The detonations may be superb. Capitalism may hang in tatters of bloody meat along the wire. But if the rest is rubbish, if the Therefores, the conclusions march in upon the conquered field like the four Fratellinis introduced by a ten-day bombardment, the net result will be disappointing. And if the world is informed that this disappointment is the glorious victory for which the wars are all to be fought, the sentiment of disappointment may be sharpened to disgust. It is not enough to tell a man that, after so much suffering and so many years, he may at last, and as the ultimate reward, set up a small, blank tombstone burying the past.

II

But the most curious effects of this passion for the negative are to be seen, not among revolutionary writings, but among revolutionary writers. Nowhere in our time is it possible to discover a more devious self-contradiction and defeat than among the intellectuals of the Left. Men whose personal inclinations, whose artistic necessities lead them to desire the greatest bodily and spiritual freedom use their entire influence and all the power of their art to advance an order under which neither bodily nor spiritual freedom can exist — their sole reason being that only such an order can terminate the practices of men whom they detest. But to act in opposition to one's own best interests in order to destroy one's enemy is not to act as a free man. And to replace Mr. Insull merely by that which will make Mr. Insull's return impossible is to grant Mr. Insull the greatest privilege one generation can bestow upon another — the kingly privilege of fixing the succession to the throne. If only an iron tombstone will keep Mr. Insull from rising then it is Mr. Insull who has designed the iron tombstone. And its angel will wear, with perfect logical appropriateness, Mr. Insull's face in anatomical and posterior reverse.

What is necessary to the free man, what is above all necessary to the free writer is to consider *without reference to his enemies* the kind of world he himself would like to bring about. That world for all artists, for all men of spirit is the democratic world, the world in which a man is free to do his own work, the world in which a man may think as he pleases, the world in which a man may, with the complete responsibility of a mature individual, control his proper life. There are only two objections to the democratic world. One is that it has been destroyed by the practices of capitalism. The other is that it is difficult of realization in an industrial society. Both in essence come down to the same thing: that the re-establishment of democracy in modern America would be a very difficult thing.

As to that there is one point to be made at the outset. Democracy has always been difficult of realization. It is the most difficult of all known forms of government to administer. It was difficult in 1787. It was the opinion of Hamilton that it was impossibly difficult. But the reason why it is difficult is precisely that it is designed not in the interest of economic efficiency or political expediency but in the interest of the richest and freest human life. It is therefore at a disadvantage in comparison with all forms of autocratic government designed solely in the interest of efficiency — forms of government which either ignore altogether the problem of a decent and human

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life for the members of society or postpone its consideration to some unnamed future day when, after the sacrifice of many generations to tyranny, the good life is assumed to follow in some mysterious way of its own volition. But such disadvantage is a challenge, not an obstacle. And particularly is it a challenge to the artist. There are, it is true, a certain number of artists who do not desire freedom and responsibility; who do not wish to be remitted to their own lives, naked against an unknown universe; who long, instead, for a social womb to which they may return and where safely they may lie while the blood of a social organism is pumped through their hearts in substitution for their own blood, and the thoughts of a social mind are dreamed through their brains in substitution for their own thoughts. These are the men who announce that the old vitality is dead, and that the new art will be the mass expression of a conglomerate mind. They are the spiritual infants whose sole longing is to cuddle back into the anonymous and undemanding dark. For the rest, for the adult, for those who accept the responsibilities of their lives, the fact that democracy is the most difficult of governments is the highest of commendations — the greatest praise.

They will ask only one question — whether the difficulties are so great as to be insurmountable. And they will make these two discoveries: that so far as the war between democracy and capitalistic exploitation is concerned the difficulties are considerably less than those to be anticipated in a war between capitalism and any of the now-fashionable forms of dictatorship; that so far as the application of democracy to an industrial society is concerned, the difficulties are far greater than those incident to the application of a dictatorship to an industrial society.

The first must be obvious. When it is proposed to replace capitalism with a dictatorship of the proletariat or of the middle classes or of any other special group in the community, many Americans who hate capitalism will nevertheless defend it, because they will hate the alternative more. It is of course true that a dictatorship, once established, will make the return of the predatory capitalist much more difficult than can a democratic government. It is the democratic form of government which capitalists have so successfully hi-jacked in the past. But it is, for all that, *possible*, with effort, to protect a democracy against the Wiggins. Which is the only point to be proved.

III

The second variety of difficulty requires more attention, for it is this difficulty which leads to the common and sneering dismissal of democracy by the gentlemen of the Left. The contention usually made is that democracy is an expression of individualism, that the industrial age is collectivist, and that therefore democracy is finished. If these cant terms are translated back into the English language it will be discovered that what is meant is merely this: democracy was all right in a world in which people lived separate lives, and in which the sole function of government was to keep them from breaking into each other's houses; but democracy is all wrong in a world in which people are drawn by the efficiency of their machines into a life so complicated that the function of government must be to control almost everything. Now the answer to that contention is very simple indeed. It is one word: "Why?" Political democracy, the kind of democracy of which we keep the empty shell today, may be incompetent to run an industrial society. But who contends that the political democracy embalmed by the Republican Party since the Civil War is democracy? And the individualism of the Empire Builders, the kind of individualism which is all rights and no duties, may be incompatible with governmental control of industry. But who contends that the individualism of the Empire Builders is the individualism of the democratic ideal? There is, as a matter of fact, considerable proof that that kind of individualism, the kind of individualism around which the conservatives now wrap the sacred garment of the Constitution, was unknown to constitutional law before 1865. True democracy is a form of government in which the control of society lies eventually in the hands of all its members. It is in theory as applicable to the control of industry as to the control of those political fields in which it has traditionally operated. All that is necessary is to find a technique of control. And such techniques, difficult though they may be, have already been suggested — the most important

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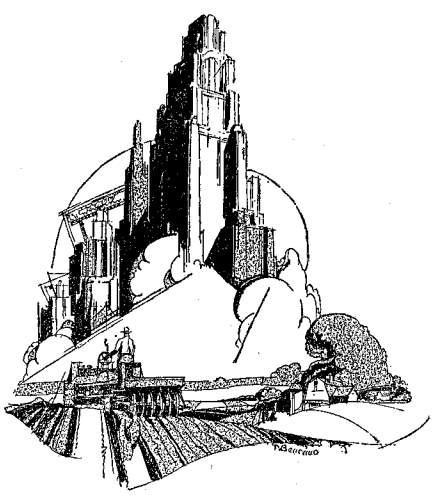
doubtless being techniques for the democratic control of credit. If they can be worked out to practical demonstration then it will be clear that the difficulties of applying democratic control to an industrial society are not insurmountable.

The whole question to my mind comes down to this: shall we in America be driven by our hatred of the existing system or drawn by our hopes for the new? Shall we move directly toward the best kind of life we can conceive, even though the means be difficult, or shall we take the easier and brutal short cut to an efficient control of industrial society by dictatorship — hoping eventually for that far, far distant, classless society which Karl Marx permitted his congregations to glimpse over the million heads of many sacrificed and immolated generations — that classless society which retreats as rapidly as communism with *its* privileged class advances?

To talk of "the best kind of life" is to invite the charge of Utopianism. And I accept the charge. There is no possible substitute for Utopian thinking. Certain admirers of the great founder of modern socialism remark with enthusiasm that his contribution to that theory was to make scientific and precise what had before been ideal and visionary. It is a characteristic nineteenth-century commendation, and one which carries its own retort in an age which understands a little better just how romantic all the talk of the finality and precision of science was. The truth is that there is no substitute for Utopia and no substitute for hope, and that the moment men give up the right to invent, however extravagantly, their own future and submit themselves, as the communists and the capitalists tell them they must, to inevitable economic law, the life goes out of them. The democratic ideal is despised by the Marxians as a foolish and improbable aspiration too lofty for the actual facts of life, but the actual facts of the Marxian substitute have failed to catch the imaginations of any but the most cruelly oppressed and injured men. Let no man miss the point of Mr. Roosevelt's hold upon the minds of the citizens of this republic. Men's minds are fired by Mr. Roosevelt because they are sick to nausea of the rich bankers and their economists upon the one side and the great revolutionaries and their economists upon the other, repeating over and over that the world is ruled by incontrovertible economic laws which it is not only blasphemy but idiocy to oppose, and which lead inevitably to certain fixed and inescapable conclusions. It is not the first time the world has been told it existed in a closed system of which the rules were comprehensible only to the doctors. And from the human point of view it is almost irrelevant whether or not Mr. Roosevelt's particular attempt to break out of the cage is successful. What is important is the attempt — and the reaction to that attempt on the part of the people of this nation. It is only to the free, inventive gestures of the human soul that men wholly and believingly respond. They will, in a crisis, rise against arrogance. They may, for a time, fight from hatred. But only to hope will they give themselves entirely. And only writers writing out of hope can lead them to anything more permanent than the barricades.



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SUBSISTENCE FARMSTEADS

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

It was a bright and sunny day in a mining camp in West Virginia, and a relief worker was walking down between two rows of houses, talking to a stranger as she went.

"In this house here, where we are going now," she said, "lives a young couple with two children. They have done remarkably well with the garden they started. He was a farmer before he came to the mines, and she is a very energetic young woman. She has canned dozens and dozens of things and sold all she is able in a nearby town. But their neighbors are not so fortunate. Right next door there is a family where the children undoubtedly have tuberculosis."

By this time we had reached the steps. We found the interior of the house clean, although the young woman who let us in apologized for the fact that her children were rather dirty, and her kitchen full of the mess which canning creates. It was easy to see that here was a young woman who was trying hard to bring up a healthy family and who had the standards of good and well-planned farm living in her mind. Before we had talked ten minutes, she asked the relief worker eagerly, "Is there any chance that we can get some land?" She knew that an effort was being made to persuade either the state or the mining companies to divide some land amongst the unemployed miners and she was most anxious to remove her children from the danger of tuberculosis and the family across the way, where the men spent a good deal of time drinking.

The case worker answered, "Yes, we hope that something will be done." As she emerged, she sighed a little and said, "I wonder when it will be done or if it will be done in time to save any of these people." They had never heard of "subsistence farms" but they were the kind of people ideally suited to go and live on one.

II

The objective of subsistence farming is not to compete with regular farming or add to the burden of agricultural overproduction. The idea is that families engaged in subsistence farming consume their own garden products locally instead of sending them to distant markets. They are not expected to support themselves entirely by raising food, like the successful commercial farmers of the country. The plan is that they shall be situated near enough to an industry for one member of the family to be employed in a factory a sufficient number of days in the year to bring in the amount of money needed to pay for the things which the families must have and cannot produce for themselves. In this way farming will be helped by industry, and industry will be helped by farming. There will be no competition with agriculture nor with industry. Industry must be centralized in order to clear up the congested slum areas of our big cities. Subsistence farms will make possible shorter hours of work in the factories as well as the decentralization of crowded populations.

This new self-supporting manner of American living is being projected under the direction of the Division of Subsistence Homesteads of the Department of the Interior. Last spring $25,000,000 was appropriated for study and practical illustration of this idea of new social and economic units. We have several models to build upon in this country, and there is always the example of the self-sufficiency of village life in France. Round about the country various model projects are being planned. In Monmouth County, New Jersey, a community is being projected for two hundred families of Jewish needle workers from nearby crowded manufacturing cities. A factory is to be built for their use; the best soil is to be set aside for

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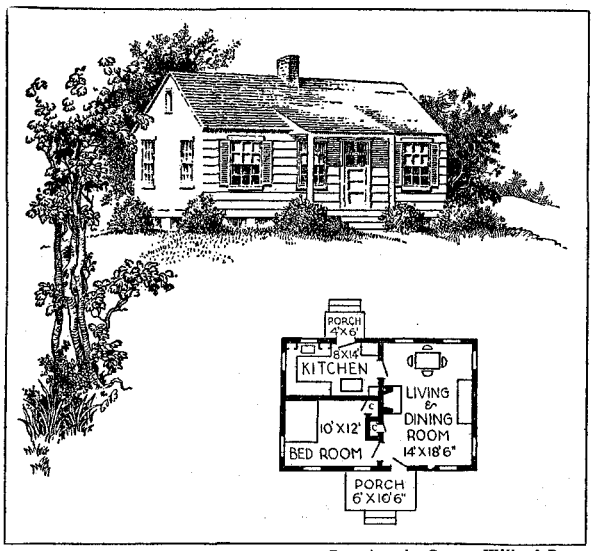


Drawings by George Willard Bonte

Farm Housing Project — Southern States
Plan A-1 — Under $750

homesteads; and the less fertile land is to be devoted to co-operative agriculture to serve solely the consumption of this community.

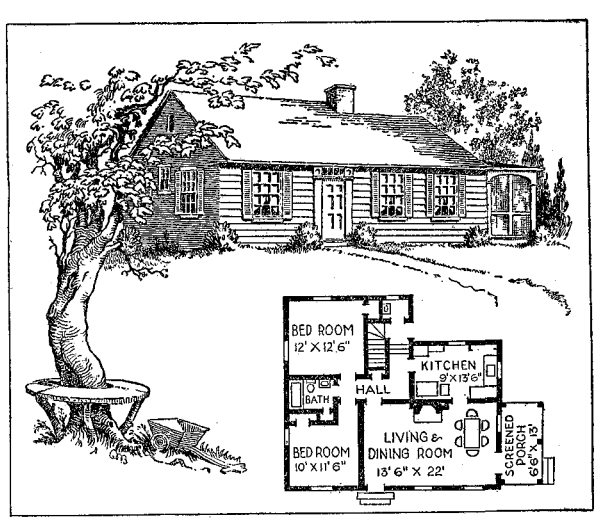
III

RECENTLY I have observed at first hand the subsistence-farming project near Reedsville, West Virginia. In that state a great many mines have closed down; some will probably never reopen; some may reopen for a certain number of days a week during part of every year. It is being urged upon the owners of these mines that they use the land which they own above the ground for this new type of subsistence farm. The miners can still work in the mines even though their jobs may not be steady day in and day out.

The government experiment near Reedsville is designed to provide for one hundred twenty-five families especially chosen from those miners who are permanently out of work. The West Virginia College of Agriculture had made a study of unemployed miners' families and found that many of them had come to the mines only within the last few years and because they were attracted by the very high wages paid. The high wages, alas, lasted in some cases not even long enough to pay for the cheap car bought on the installment plan, and these homes are devoid of all improvements. Living conditions in the mining villages are so bad that many of the families who have come from farms long to get back again. There is good land available for the Reedsville project, with watershed hills and a certain amount of valley bottom, typical of much of the West Virginia farming land. A factory will supply the industry, and every homestead will have five acres. There will be some land suitable for pasture only, which will be owned by the community and operated on model co-operative principles. The houses, while very simple, are being planned to meet the needs and aspirations for comfort of the people who are going to live in them. They want certain very definite things, among these a chance to be clean, a shower or a bathtub in every house, a suitable tub in which to wash clothes, enough room so that each member of the family can have a bed of his own. These desires suggest some of the things which the miners lack in their present houses.

Some of the men who have been building the foundations for the first fifty houses, which are now nearing completion, will probably occupy them. You hear one builder saying, "I want to live on a hill," while another man declares emphatically, "I don't like hills." Each farm family will plan for crops suited to its own land: the man who chooses to live down in the valley will grow one thing, and the man on the hillside another. Both men will have, during their first year, the advantage of expert advice and direction from the State College of Agriculture.

These new farming families will all remain on public relief until the factory is opened and the first crops are harvested; but when a family makes its first payment the title to the



Farm Housing Project — Southern States
Plan B-1 — $750–$2,500

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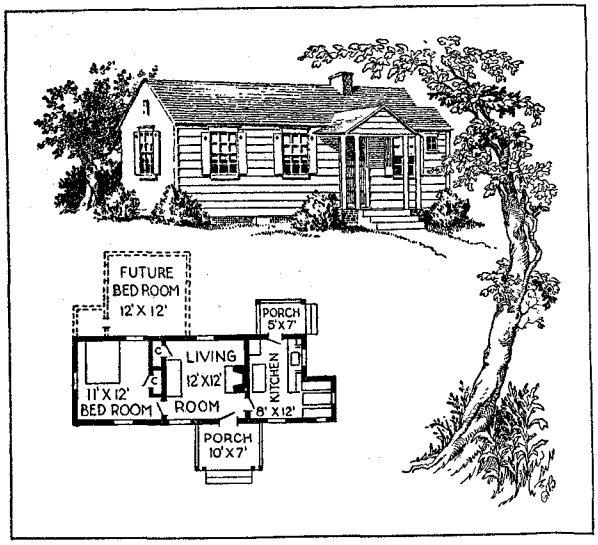


Farm Housing Project — Southern States
Plan A-2 — Under $750

land will pass to the individual homesteader. In twenty or thirty years the individual will own it free and clear of debt. This plan varies in different projects.

Plowing was going on near Reedsville all through last autumn. Now roads are being built. The question of the type of government which the community wishes to set up is a difficult one, but it is hoped that some way will be found to organize a town-meeting type which may be changed easily to fit into the state government at the end of the first year.

There are in the vicinity a number of high schools which can accommodate the children who will be sent to them. An old barn is to be converted into a local grammar school and made attractive under the direction of the Department of Education. In this building a number of experiments will be tried: for instance, it may be possible to give more vocational guidance and more handicraft work than is usually done in schools. It may also be feasible to have a nursery school to which the mothers themselves may come for a couple of hours at definite times during the week to cooperate with the teachers and learn how best to feed and discipline their children.

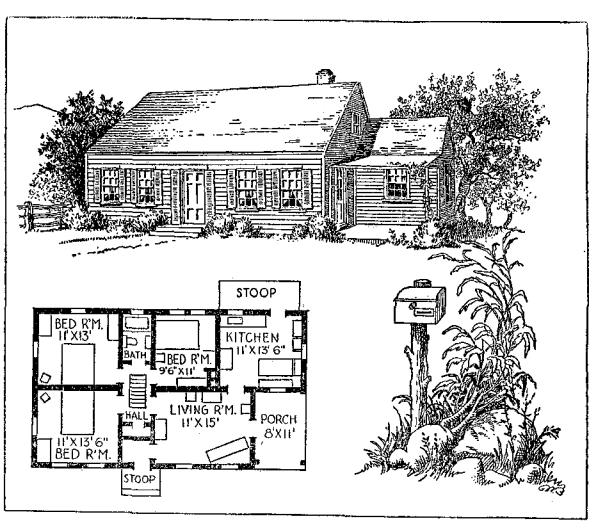
All these things are being discussed, and some will be actually tried out. There is the possibility that one hundred twenty-five families will be too few for this community of graduate miners, and that the population will have to be enlarged. Eventually there may be two or three factories instead of one, but in any case the farms will be kept out of competition with those farms which are run for profit.

IV

If the West Virginia experiment succeeds it may be the model for many other similar plans throughout the United States. It is easy to see in advance, however, that the people living on these subsistence farms will be far more secure than the unemployed people living to-day in towns, whether small or large. It is possible, too, that on these farmsteads home crafts of different kinds may be started which will furnish added income. The Editor has asked me not to fail to mention in passing the modest village furniture industry of which I have for several years been chairman in Dutchess County, New York.

If directed from some central point where good designs and color schemes may be furnished by really good artists, and the products marketed in some co-operative way, a limited but still a good and remunerative occupation may be furnished to those who stay at home on the farms and yet can find spare time to do hand work.

We shall know more about subsistence farming when the first new projects have been working for a number of years. Already there is hope that this program will solve the difficulties of a good many people throughout our country who are now suffering from unemployment or the inability to better the poor standards of living imposed on them by slums and congested areas.



Department of the Interior
Plan 501 — Proposed Subsistence Home

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LIFE ENDS AT FORTY

ANONYMOUS

I AM a single woman and forty and I know right well that I am not standing with expectant feet on the threshold of life. No religion, no brand of scientific optimism, no cheer leader for middle age can alter this conviction. For forty years I have literally been drugged with sentimentality. It was bred in me, fostered in me. Its principles — exaltation of soul, sublimation of passion, my mission in life to glorify God, marriage pre-eminently a soul union, a virtuous woman more to be desired than fine gold — were so embedded in my being that they sealed every sense to reality. And now, at forty, through a grim determination to be an individual and not an echo of my parents, I have happened upon myself, have literally been jerked, catapulted — no word is vigorous enough to express the propulsion — out of the pleasant paths of sentimentality into the realism that is life. The Adam within me has turned at bay and whipped out the offending angel. "Ye gods!" I find myself saying, "How could I, endowed with a normal amount of intelligence, have believed these airy nothings — this hokum — for so long! Fool! fool! fool! that I have been!"

The noble army of sentimentalists inspires me no longer. I fling back in their faces all the pale chittering substitutes for truth on which I have been bred. I am so sick to death of their jam and judicious advice, so consumed with righteous indignation that, forgetful of all the amenities — good breeding, the injunctions of the fine old Episcopal catechism on which I was reared, and even Uncle Sam's English, by propagation of which I earn my living — I am driven in self-defense to blurt out: "Life begins at forty? Like hell it does!"

I can't, of course, speak for the whole human race. I know that. I am aware that readers will, doubtless, contend at the outset that mine is rather a special case. A spinster and a schoolteacher, cursed as a child with fanatically pious parents — what could she expect but unhappiness? I must be adjudged a unique example. So they will reason, perhaps; yet I am not so sure. Is my case really exceptional? In another twenty or thirty years from now, it may happen that people with forty years behind them can well be adjured to start life successfully all over again. Twenty or thirty years ago it might have been done. But not now! People to-day — and women especially — from thirty-five to forty-five are a damned race. They may be found on every hand — impotent Rachels, weeping, not for their children, but for lost womanhood, refusing to be comforted simply because no comfort is possible. They have been caught in the maelstrom of a new era. In its unprecedented appraisals, in its nonconforming shifts in values it has swept from them everything they were taught to believe. Their standards, the ideals on which they prided themselves are now explained away as maladjustments. Their confidence in a personal God and the comforting belief in the resurrection of the body have been snatched away by the knowledge of cosmic rays that are perpetually re-creating swarming solar systems. Everything that meant life to them has crackled and gone up in smoke. For them the old things are shattered, and they cannot adjust themselves to the new.

And what is offered them? Health, exercise, diet, a sane regimen of work and play! Imagine writing two hundred pages of advice on such obvious things for an intelligent person! Where is the book that will suggest substitutes for the things that do make up a woman's life? Give us an equivalent for desire! an alternative for the joyous romance that youth monopolizes! Find for us the charm that will check the ebbing tides of a woman's love life! Show us

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that love can be romantic at forty — that it is indeed possible to enjoy to the full, in that much-to-be-desired decade, the passionate experience of love that every woman has a right to feel! Point us to something that can take the place of the bliss of sex attraction, intimate union with a mate, romance, sentiment — all the vital things that the forties take away! I tell you that countless women — not one exceptional spinster — know that there are no substitutes for these things.

And what is more, being a spinster hasn't much to do with the situation. I do know that many women of forty to-day are married. They are not spinsters like me, but — I wonder! They're spinster-minded! It is a well-known fact that married women can be spinster-minded, and spinsters can be capable of realizing all that married love means. Only a few months ago I was talking with a friend — a married woman of forty-five — reserved, inexpressive, brought up, even as I, in a religious home. But she is now a leader in social circles and seemed to me to have made a splendid adjustment. A little girl, the daughter of a friend of ours, was the subject of our conversation. I remarked that I rather held with Adler's view that there is a tendency to-day to explain to children more than they can properly grasp about bodily functions, and that this method was almost as bad as the old fashion of concealing all sex information from a child. To my amazement this refined, cultured, religious woman — an estimable product of a Puritan upbringing — turned upon me with a virility and fierceness that did my soul good. "Listen!" she said. "Let me tell you that any extreme of honesty is better — far better — than the ignorance and lies on which I was reared! My marriage is a frightful nightmare. I cannot adjust myself to it! I merely school myself to endure it!"

As I sat there, I realized that her curse was that her upbringing had made her spinster-minded. Impulsively I wanted to open my heart — to tell her the poignant tale of my own adjustment. But I was too stunned by the thought that to-day I might have been just such a tragic figure, had I married twenty years ago. She went on to say that in every personal relation with her husband she found herself tortured by doubts — fears that perhaps the ideas on which she had been raised might after all be right, and her husband's ideas on sex all wrong. You can't make bright and happy people by tinkering with the memories of an enslaved childhood. The memories of this woman's childhood made it impossible for her to escape from the tormenting "perhaps" that continues to wreck her love life and her husband's. For their children's sake they are seeing the thing through — a mockery of a marriage with no compatibility, no common love experience, no satisfaction.

Yes, it is all too tragically true that life does end at forty for many. One has only to consider what life means to an honest, robust, normal woman to realize how true this is. I know, like scores of other women, what I need in order to live. To me life is a trinity of needs — money, a mission, and a man. At twenty there was a possibility that I might find all three. At forty I haven't even a sporting chance at any of them. I find myself doomed to exist on makeshifts — a salary, a job, and other women's husbands. And no matter how sublime the courage she feigns, no woman has ever lived the more abundant life on substitutions. What scope is there at forty for the satisfying of these needs?

The Victorian Poverty Hoax

First, money. Thousands will, I suppose, denounce me for listing as one of the vital needs of a woman this "root of all evil." How readily the very old, trite phrase — as out-dated as the precepts it expressed — comes to my mind! Let them denounce! Let them rave! It is in

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the very nature of sentimentality to deny the anxieties of poverty — which far transcend those of riches. But I am not talking of riches here but merely of money, money that makes food and clothes and education and health and play — all the necessities in that composite thing called life — possible. A few years ago I would have extolled the virtues of the Lady Poverty as zealously as any of her worshipers. But I have turned apostate — thank God! Listen to some of the poverty propaganda on which I and many of the children of my generation were raised:

> Should all the banks of Britain break,
> The Bank of England smash,
> Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank;
> You'll surely find your cash.

There is a sharp thrust in the irony of such admonition in these days of smashing banks; for I have not yet discovered that Zion's notes are acceptable either at grocery or dry-goods stores!

Here's another nugget of sentimentalism, "beautiful but dumb," as schoolboys say:

> My gold is laid up in sunsets, safe from thieves,
> And all my current silver is in the stars.

Well, it's as useful there as in the frozen assets of worthless banks — except that there is at least the expectation of an occasional dividend from the latter, if ever thawing sets in.

And yet another! I could quote on to the crack of doom, but for the sake of brevity let us contend with Matthew Arnold that what is told three times is true!

> They say that other girls are rich
> And sport with toy and gem;
> It may be so, and yet — I think
> I do not envy them.
> My jewels are the primrose pale,
> The bindweed, and the rose. . . .

Now I ask you! No one has a keener appreciation of flowers than I, but when we make them synonymous with material commodities and present them as such to a child's receptive mind we are doing nothing short of lying. Esdras may have subsisted for forty days — or was it years? — on rose leaves and dew (and the depression may drive us to it yet) but he did not teach in a country day school from eight to five; and if we want to raise our children to be Essenes we should realize that twentieth-century civilization is not a favorable environment for them. To have jewels and pretty clothes is the birthright of every woman — they are an integral part of her femininity. She must have them if she is to be a success, either in the business world or in her home. I myself don't hold much with poinsettia lips, plucked eyebrows — suggestive of dear little girls from Japan — or coral fingernails and toenails. But then I haven't a man's eye either for beauty or for that elusive thing called "it"; and, say what you like, these embellishments seem to bring results for the elemental desire in every woman's heart — the attraction of a male!

It is my experience that the people who claim that money is a non-essential are the ones that live on the earnings of others. From the time I was eighteen I have worked to support indigent members of my family. A place for a while in the breadline or its equivalent — had I been hard-hearted enough to insist on it — might have made them set a little higher value on the money that I was handing to them. But I got the true sentimental kick out of it — conscientiously felt that I was constrained to do out the duty like the disconsolate Caponsacchi. True, time and again, practical, disquieting thoughts would assail me, as I began to hear behind me "the yelping of the mustering years," on what would be my lot in my old age, since there was no one to whom *I* could be presented as a duty. But I put the thought from me because it was too frightening. It was truth — stark and ugly — and sentimentality is at odds with truth.

Imagine the shock when a minister — of all people — told me bluntly that I was immoral in my attitude to my family. The accusation cut so deep that I heard him through. He declared that it was immoral to make parasites of others and of myself, for at the rate I was going I would not be self-supporting when I was too old to work. But I had been saving on the side, after meeting what I looked upon as my responsibilities, to that end. I watched my savings grow — slowly, of course, but surely. In moments of despondency I would often take out my bankbook and find the figures that were said to symbolize gold — hard food, perhaps, for Midas — but appetizing morsels for me — extremely good to look upon. Then eighteen months ago the bank with my savings

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of nearly twenty years closed!

So here am I at forty, when I should be conserving my energies and beginning to live — as those who are wiser than I state — faced with the necessity of starting all over again to save for my old age. That is how life is beginning for me at forty! Oh, the situation may be faced with Pollyanna philosophy. I have good health, an excellent job, friends. Many are in the same boat with me — a damn sight too many — and many are worse off, having lost savings *and* job. But Pollyanna be damned! I had no right to lose my money! God knows I worked hard enough to earn it and stinted myself of many things I could have enjoyed to save it. The well-intentioned friends who persist in telling me to count my blessings instead of cursing the bank make me see red. I am seized with a sincere and wholesome desire to throttle them as I wanted to throttle a very pious lady who recently, commenting on her joy in inheriting a large legacy, said to me with colossal self-satisfaction, "Ah, my dear, let this prove to you that it does pay to serve the Lord diligently. See my reward."

Yes, money is an essential in my life, and it will continue to be an essential in every woman's life so long as men continue to fall for Paris frocks, coiffures of the beauty-parlor brand, lotus-tipped fingers, and dainty lingerie. But let a woman start out to make money honestly at forty, and what does she find? She must dye her hair, take facials regularly, wear uplift brassieres, exercise to keep thin through the waist line — in short, do everything in her power to hide the truth that she has reached this delectable decade — the forties — with all its accumulated wisdom and experience for which the world is thirsting. Lies! lies! lies! The world wants youth, not middle age. Our scientists pilgrimage in pursuit of it; it is the fabric of which our dreams of immortality are made; and at forty — whether we want to face the unpleasant truth or not — youth is over and done.

The Woman's Place

So much for money! How about a woman's second need — a mission? I purposely choose the word "mission" instead of "employment" or "profession," for mission denotes that for which one is sent or called or even predestined, if you will. I hold that a woman's mission is to look after a home, to bear children, and rear them. Not promiscuously, of course, but intelligently, for the man she loves, and enlightened by a study of eugenics. I never hear the words, "God blessed them and said be fruitful and multiply," without being emotionally stirred in the deeps of my being by a consciousness that the Creator's fiat included me. I want with all my heart to produce, to create, to make my days long in the land by giving birth to at least one child. I was never fashioned, physically or emotionally, to be the celibate sentimentality has made of me. Even in childhood, when asceticism was being assiduously fostered in me, I was intensely interested in my body. The life of pure spirit held out to me irked me. I wanted to cuddle dolls as well as listen to the Bible. I wanted to kiss little boys. I wanted to run around without any clothes on. It was as though Nature had given me a healthy body to protect me from the disaster of too much soul in a physical world. And life put its first question, its first wonder, its first appeal to my heart through the living whirl of motion that was my body — me.

And all to what avail? When I could have married I was so ignorant of what marriage entails that I actually believed that when a man came a-wooing he was seeking a soul union. Husbands were pure emanations of spirit as personified in Galahad and Saint Paul. Men with other motives were all "sons of Belial given to insolence and wine!" So Milton taught me — yet he had three wives! My ideas as to how children came would class me with the village idiot. I know now (at forty, when it is too late) that men — yes, and good men, too — are primarily interested in a woman's body. They do admire intelligence and a degree of spirituality; they esteem a woman for such qualities. But what have such cold verbs as "admire" and "esteem" to do with married love? What does a man ask for in a wife? Health, certainly, to insure the vigor of their children; intelligence to order the home as efficiently as a business partner; but, above all, ability to love and be loved. They want a woman who can be swept by desire at her husband's arousing. When a woman is frankly educated in health, with a view to child-

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bearing; in knowledge, with home-making as its aim; and in sex, with the understanding that it is the most important factor in marriage, then divorce will begin to be outdated.

At forty what are the chances of a woman's finding and fulfilling her mission in life? Any honest doctor will warn her that childbearing in the forties is difficult and even dangerous. It isn't fair to the mother, for the after effects may be felt through the rest of her life; it is not fair to the husband, for he may have a semi-invalid on his hands; it is not fair to the child, for he runs a definite risk of being injured at birth and also starts life with the handicap of having middle-aged parents who find it difficult to recapture childhood with him. I know that women of forty do bear children, but it is at serious risk if the first child comes then. I also know that there are skilful surgical ways of helping nature to accomplish at forty what she does easily in youth — Cæsareans, for example. But at best these are divergences from the normal. And even if the birth can be satisfactorily handled it is an even harder task to find a husband when a woman is in her forties. The best men are married; and the bachelors are so pathetically set in their ways and so anxious to impress one with their youth, which they are conscious is slipping away, that they are apt to choose a young wife.

So what remains for me to do? Instead of fulfilling my womanhood I choose a profession and pretend I prefer it. Instead of rearing my own children I harry myself to death rearing other women's children — thankless job at the best! I win a fair measure of success — but my heart is empty. I continue to fool myself into the belief that I am living. I look toward old age with apprehension: "the pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?" — God knows.

I bolster up my courage by declaring that I am engaged in the noblest of all duties (after motherhood) — that of schoolteacher. Yet the fact is that there is no one so subject to taunts and ridicule, no one who is made the butt of more scurrilous jests — except perhaps the maiden aunt who is more often than not the doormat of her married sisters and almost always teaches for a living — than that perfect type of good, heroic womanhood, the schoolteacher.

Not long ago a lady with the blood of colonial ancestors making blue her veins remarked at dinner: "Think of it, they are bringing up my husband's niece — that lovely girl — to be a common schoolteacher!" Then, an awkward pause making her realize that I represented that common profession, she added, "Oh, somehow I never think of you as a schoolteacher!"

Month after month at faculty meetings I hear the virtues and privileges of the schoolteacher extolled, and am reminded that I am a molder of the immortal souls of children. I listen, outwardly acquiescent, inwardly at white heat, wondering what would happen to me and my job if I were suddenly to arise and declare that I am not at all persuaded that my pupils have souls; that for twenty years I have found little to justify that belief. But I am too wise to be honest. It's a great consoling game, this make believe, and I have been taught to play it well. But truth at times has its way.

On lonely evenings I take out letters from my files and read the flattering comments from parents — many of them in high places — and from principals. How good they look! How inspiring they sound! What more could any woman ask! "It is impossible to thank you for what you have done for our son." "Some day we hope you will reap the rich reward that your patience and skill, as revealed in your handling of our son, deserve." "Without exaggeration, I must say that your influence on my boy has been deeper and better than that of any other individual with whom he has come in contact. If I can help you in any way at any time, I would appreciate it if you will give me the privilege of doing so." "May I choose this time of reappointment to tell you that your position on the faculty means a great deal to the school — parents, boys, your colleagues, and myself included. I sincerely thank you for all you have done and are still doing for us." Balm indeed — after twenty years of classroom service! But more often than not as I read my eyes become blurred; a lump rises in my throat; a wet blot appears on the page before me. What do all these commendations mean to me? Behind the successful schoolteacher is the real me — a lonely woman in the forties who has failed in her mission in life. The real appraisal of my success is to be found, not in these glowing tributes, but rather in the bit of poign-

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ant doggerel I used to think so funny in my schoolgirl days:

Teachee schoolee all the dayee;
Correctee papers all the nightee;
Poor old maidee, no man lovee;
No man kissee; no man huggee!

Too Late for Love

And lastly, a woman's need of a man — a mate. This is so elemental a necessity that one hardly needs to enlarge upon it. Before time was, this was — the first impulse of God's plan in a physical universe: "male and female created he them." I know there are abnormal women who — due to some physical deficiency or a carefully built up escape-reaction — swear that they have no need for a man. The real fact is that they are incapable of enjoying men — so they become recluses and denounce their more fortunate sisters. Spinsterhood is at variance with the very word "life." And every woman knows that she begins to live when she is loved by a man — and not till then. Men and women were created to need one another. The single woman is driven to confess that she needs a man in her apartment to shake cocktails and to do the many things that only a man can do for her. In the same way the single man needs a woman to fix his curtains, straighten his pictures, prepare his meals, arrange his furniture for his comfort — all the little feminine touches that convert a house into a home.

But at forty men do not mate readily, and the love that transfigures a woman's nature — that makes her feel like flame dancing on the mountain tops for joy — is no longer possible. The wheels of her love-life are slowing down. The ecstasy of possession — except in very rare cases — is no longer possible.

At twenty, drenched with asceticism, I thought the most agonizing cry in all literature was that lament over physical blindness in *Samson Agonistes:*

O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon!
Irrevocably dark! total eclipse!

To-day the words that wring my heart and bring a sob in my throat are those uttered by Christina Rosetti, who refused for religious scruples the two men who had offered her love — and regretted her folly ever after in an outpouring of poignant lyrics:

Too late for love! Too late for love!
Too late! Too late!
Too long you lingered on the road,
And loitered at the gate!

To awaken at forty to realize that there is no other way to fulfill your womanhood, but by the way of love, and to discover that it is too late to love — too late to be loved! — that is tragedy!

And what is worse, nothing can be done about it. To blame anyone would be folly. I never feel constrained, even in my loneliness, to curse my parents. They wrought as they thought best, but if it should happen that I meet them in the vaster halls of death, as they believed, I should like to say to them, "It was all a pitiful mistake. With the best of intentions you distorted life to me. The body that you taught me to renounce was beautiful — far too sensitive to have been created by an intelligent God for the sole purpose of subjugation. I learned too late that it was a lovely, living thing — capable of ecstasy. Not the enemy of the soul but the expression of it!"

To indulge in self-pity would be equally asinine. This is not intended to be a jeremiad — far from it. It is simply a facing of the facts that confront a woman at forty — as I see them for myself and many others. As well weep because our physicists assure us that our sun is on the descending scale! At forty, one is able to develop a protective stoicism — thank God for that! I have lost my venture in life and I know it. What then? Poets and philosophers can come to my aid. I can drench myself in transcendentalism. That is one way out. The passion that sensitized my flesh has lost itself in the sky. Love lyrics must be skipped now, for they hurt. Instead, I resign myself to Wordsworth. I let the moon shine on me in my solitary walks; the misty mountain winds, less disquieting than the arms of a lover, are still free to blow about me. I can continue to shape the immortal souls of my pupils. A cynicism is now mine that is not despair. It is rather the virtue of a calm courage retained by one disappointed in life and the world. I know I shall never find the love I want. I shall never experience the joy of seeing my body find favor in a lover's eyes. So be it! But don't let any one tell me to awake, arise, for forty is here, life's glorious morning is dawning, and I can begin to live! Like hell I can!

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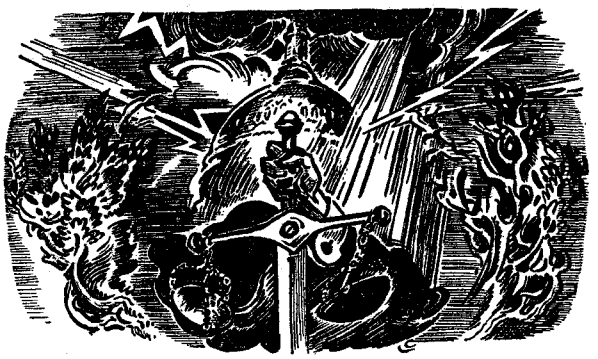
HOW KIDNAPERS ARE CAUGHT

BY HENRY SUYDAM



In the case of Charles F. Urschel of Oklahoma City, the total of fifteen convictions (six of which were for life) included convictions of persons who had given refuge and counsel to the actual kidnapers. Indicative of the far-flung character of these offenses, it should be noted that the Urschel kidnaping occurred in the State of Oklahoma; the victim was held captive in a remote rural section of Texas; the ransom money was paid in Missouri; a portion of the ransom money was exchanged in Minnesota; another portion was hidden in Texas; one of the guilty parties was located in Colorado; and the others in Tennessee, Minnesota, Texas, and Illinois. These seven states have an area of about 683,000 square miles, which exceeds in extent the combined area of Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, England, Scotland, and Wales. This particular case, which carried our agents into sixteen states (Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York) could not have been handled successfully without the effective and loyal co-operation of the local authorities. In this instance, as in many others, special agents of the Division of Investigation offered to and received from the state authorities wholesome, friendly, and reciprocal help. Through this policy, which is one of cardinal importance and one upon which we have insisted from the beginning, we were able to co-ordinate the activities of the law-enforcement officials in such a way that in a short time and with the greatest economy of effort the guilty parties were brought to justice.

HOMER S. CUMMINGS, *Attorney General of the United States*

SINCE THE enactment of a federal kidnaping statute in the summer of 1932, the Department of Justice of the United States has handled 24 cases of kidnaping, in most of which the offenders have been apprehended and convicted within about two months of the commission of the crime. In one case there was an acquittal; in another the two kidnapers were lynched; in another one of the principals committed suicide in jail; still another remains in a sort of twilight zone; and the most famous case of all — the Lindbergh case — which was not a federal case at the time it arose, and which was not put into the hands of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice until November, 1933, is still under investigation. As this is written, the latest case of all, the Bremer case at St. Paul, Minnesota, has just come into the hands of the federal authorities.

Of these 24 cases in which the federal government has exercised or is exercising its jurisdiction, the results can be set down as follows:

50 persons have been convicted.
15 persons are now awaiting trial.
2 death sentences have been imposed.
11 life sentences have been imposed.
2 persons under arrest have been lynched.
1 person under arrest has committed suicide.

The sentences imposed reach a total of 477 years, 5 months, and 1 day. Total sentences of between 200 and 300 years have been imposed for the cognate crime of extortion.

The work of the Department of Justice in apprehending, bringing to trial, and convicting kidnapers has aroused nation-wide commendation and restored a certain degree of confidence in law enforcement when the responsibilities thereof are on the shoulders of the United States. What is it that enables the federal authorities to succeed where state and municipal authorities so often fail? To what is the phenomenal record of the Department of Justice in the apprehension of kidnapers to be

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ascribed? What is the federal system, and how does it work?

What follows is an attempt to answer these questions in the most specific and practical manner possible. To limit the scope of the answer to what is most pertinent, it will be assumed that the trial of the cases has been in the hands of competent prosecutors, and this is no great assumption at all when it is considered that an Assistant Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Joseph B. Keenan, has general jurisdiction over this phase of the work and appears in court in important cases.

Three Hundred Young Men

For the detection and punishment of the crime of kidnaping the Department of Justice considers that three factors must be present — first, an efficient investigating agent in the United States government; second, full co-operation of local police; third, fearless public support of the constituted authorities, and in particular the ungrudging co-operation of the families, relatives, friends, and associates of the victims.

In the classic Urschel case, these three factors were all present. The Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice, of whose work I shall speak later, exercised general supervision of the manhunt that ranged across an entire continent. The sheriffs and other police officers of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, and other states afforded the fullest assistance to the agents of the United States. Charles F. Urschel, the victim, at grave peril to his own life and the lives of those dearest to him, took the stand at the trial of his captors and helped to convict them.

There have been cases, which the Department of Justice nevertheless solved, where the co-operation of local police authorities, for political or other reasons, did not exist; and even more cases where the victim himself, upon release, refused information, without which prompt detection is difficult if not impossible. Whatever is thought of the refusal of the families of victims to give assistance while the victim is still captive, once a release has been effected the responsibilities of good citizenship appear to demand that reasonable aid be furnished in the apprehension of the kidnapers.

What is of concern here, however, is not the vagaries or inefficiencies of local police departments nor the behavior of victims and their families. We shall consider the first and most crucial factor of detection — the part of the United States government. That part, except for the actual prosecution of offenders, is vested in the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice. If a quick explanation must be given for the Department's success in apprehending kidnapers and extortionists, the answer is to be found in the corps of about 300 special agents available for this work. Behind the agents, of course, rest the great detective resources of the Division itself.

The United States government didn't enter the business of apprehending kidnapers until after enactment of the Federal kidnaping statute in June, 1932, about three months after the kidnaping of the child of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. The Division of Investigation had been reorganized in 1924, under the direction of Mr. John Edgar Hoover, upon the termination of the somewhat notorious régime that had ruled the Department of Justice during the administration of President Warren G. Harding. The Division has investigative jurisdiction over all violations of Federal laws, with the exception of counterfeiting, smuggling, narcotics, and one or two minor statutes. There are 55 major Federal offenses that come within its purview, of which kidnaping has become one of the most important and most spectacular.

To conduct this vast investigative function there are about 365 special agents, the men sometimes referred to in the press as federal officers. Of these about 60 are expert accountants, who devote themselves to violations of financial, banking, and anti-trust statutes. The balance are engaged in general investigation. To them Director Hoover of the Division of Investigation ascribes a large part of the Department's success in bringing kidnapers to justice. Upon their proper choice, training, and direction he places the utmost emphasis.

The popular idea of a federal sleuth as a gentleman of glamorous thespian attainments, armed with a flashlight and a bag of false whiskers, is dissipated when one learns that these federal agents must, first of all, be graduates of recognized law schools. (Many of

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them have been engaged in actual legal practice.) Mr. Hoover considers that this assures him of men of serious disposition and good character. It assures him that his agents will know what evidence is, will know how it can be obtained in legal fashion, will know how to prepare it for presentation to juries, and will be capable of appearing before juries themselves. In other words, the agents approach the problem of detection from the standpoint of securing ultimate conviction without waste motion.

The entering age is between twenty-five and thirty-five, the entering wage is $2,900. The average compensation is $3,400, less, of course, the prevailing 15 per cent deduction in all government salaries. When working on a case agents are allowed $5 a day for subsistence, plus actual traveling expenses. There are no secret funds on which to draw.

An applicant must pass a written, as well as a physical, examination, and is not appointed until a personal interview with officers of the Division of Investigation convince them that the applicant's personal qualifications are suited to the work in hand. Lest it be thought that the prerequisite of legal training results in an over-legalistic approach to the problem of crime detection and punishment, Mr. Hoover places the great emphasis on the qualities of imagination and common sense. The combination of these three factors he regards as vital. He considers the initial choice of agents as one of the most important steps in the investigative process.

Once the applicant has been accepted, he is brought to Washington for a six-week period of training. This comprises instruction in the identification, fingerprint, and scientific laboratories of the Division of Investigation. Experts on these subjects lecture to him. Other scientific experts from the Bureau of Standards explain their specialities in relation to criminal investigation. He is given a practical, working view of the most modern methods of crime detection. When this is completed, the War Department takes him in hand. He is instructed in the mechanism and use of the machine gun, the rifle, the revolver, and tear gas. Then he is sent out on a simple case for his first practical experience.

Even then the Division of Investigation isn't finished with him. From time to time, as occasion arises, he is reminded that no special agent can afford to nurture preconceived ideas about a given case; that it is not his job to "get" a specific individual, but rather to deal in facts as evidence. He is told that his badge and identification card give him no special right to peculiar standards of behavior — no bureaucratic sense of being superior to his fellow citizens, who are his ultimate employers. In particular, strong-arm, third-degree methods of obtaining evidence are decried. His views for the improvement of the service are solicited, and he is instructed to keep his mouth shut. There is an adage that the Division of Investigation, of all government bureaus, is the "hardest to get in and the easiest to get out of."

Pursuit in Silence

Such is the régime put into effect in 1924, when the Division of Investigation was reorganized. Such are the antecedents, education, background, training, and moral instruction of the 300 special agents who have been registering such striking success in the apprehension and conviction of kidnapers and extortionists. In view of the high requirements for appointment, the low compensation, the need for constant travel, the performance of arduous and dangerous duties, for which individual public recognition is, in the nature of the work, impossible, the building up of this corps of investigators must be set down as a most remarkable achievement.

While some of our larger cities have police academies in which expert investigative training is given, political influences exerted on appointment and assignment mitigate the effectiveness of what is attempted. In the nation at large the want of expert instruction, lack of funds, public indifference, and political interference are responsible for primitive methods used for the detection of crime and the apprehension of evil-doers.

The Division of Investigation, with its field agents, its executive, administrative, clerical, and other staffs, has a total personnel of about 850 and an appropriation of about $2,775,000 with which to work. There is no extravagance, but the funds available are in general adequate to the work in hand. What is of more impor-

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tance, there has been no political intervention in the Division of Investigation since 1924, when it was reorganized upon the disappearance of the gentlemen from Ohio. In this respect, if in no other, the Division differs from other police organizations in the United States. The absence of the political factor, quite apart from the question of the selection and training of its men, is one of the explanations for its success in dealing with the crime of kidnaping.

There is another factor in the Division's success which can be summed up in one word — silence. There is a strict rule that when a case is under investigation, no information is to be given to the public — to wit, to the press. When a case has been solved, the Division is prepared to tell in general terms how it was done, but not until then. The opposite often happens when local authorities are dealing with kidnaping. Chiefs of police and prosecuting officers, as is perhaps natural, want to stand in well with their local newspapers, are pleased to see their names in print, are anxious to give an impression of being on the job. Some have political ambitions or political affiliations that require nurturing. The result is that developments in the case are spread abroad for the information of the precise persons whom it is desired to apprehend.

The Division of Investigation regards this as a major weakness of technique. The Division assumes that kidnapers are just as intelligent, in their own peculiar fashion, as the average citizen, and that the less the kidnaper knows of what evidence is being sought or has been discovered, or in what direction the hunt is turning, or upon what theories the search is being conducted, the better the chance of catching him. Silence is seldom the rule amongst state or local police organizations. It is an ironclad rule amongst the 300 special agents of the Division of Investigation.

The rule is regarded as of particular importance in cases of extortion, of which the Division now has several hundred under investigation, and concerning which the public has heard nothing. Individuals in receipt of extortion threats who would hesitate to communicate the fact to local police authorities for fear of disclosure often inform the Department of Justice, confident that their plight will not be publicized. The fact of a kidnaping it is impossible to conceal; the receipt of an extortion demand, which often contains a threat of kidnaping, can and should be concealed. Concealment here is of the essence of detection.

The Laboratory of Crime

The existence of an expert force of investigators, to whose training the entire scientific resources of the United States Government have been devoted, and the complete separation of this force from political influences can thus be described in summation as fundamental reasons for the success of the Department of Justice in dealing with the kidnaping menace. But this would not represent an exclusive statement of either circumstance or procedure.

There is maintained in Washington a vast mechanism of detection which has no parallel elsewhere in the world. It is the largest reservoir or source of criminal identification data in existence. It has over 4,000,000 fingerprint cards and over 5,000,000 index cards in its collection at the present time and it is receiving new cards at the rate of 2,200 a day from 6,394 contributing law-enforcement agencies in the United States and 55 foreign countries or possessions. The simplest method of describing its value is to state that of the 2,200 new cards received each day about 47 per cent are identified as those of persons having previous criminal records. This service, it might be mentioned, is available free of cost to all law-enforcement agencies in the United States and abroad. Its value in the identification of criminals is incalculable.

To render this service still more comprehensive the Division of Investigation has set up a file of what are known as "single fingerprints." Instead of general classification of the entire ten prints of the two hands, each finger is given separate treatment, and a classification attained for that digit. The object is to file criminal fingerprints in such manner that accidental or latent fingerprints found at the scene of a crime can be developed and searched against the file in an effort to identify them. The Division of Investigation now has on file and classified the single fingerprints of 4,000 of the most notorious kidnapers, extortionists, and racketeers in the United States. In this age, when

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criminals flee in speeding motor cars, airplanes, and crack steamships, the promptness with which identification can be made is often all-important.

On the top floor of a ramshackle building in Washington are the scientific laboratories of the Division, where the writer spent an afternoon watching experts developing a latent fingerprint on the nose of a machine-gun bullet; examining fibers under microscopes so fitted that each individual thread can be counted; placing garments under ultra-violet light to detect hidden stains; searching letters for traces of secret ink; scanning extortion notes for the existence of latent fingerprints; and even weighing on the most delicate of balances torn bits of paper, to ascertain whether they might have been part of a single original sheet. In a glass case were plaster or wax casts which reconstructed the faces of murdered persons whose bodies had been defaced or decomposed to the point where identification was impossible.

Here it is that agents are trained and here it is that evidence is sent for scientific examination and report — a great room where, except for the horrible *moulage* work in reconstructing the parts of bodies of murderers' victims, there was less suggestion of crime than of abstract science. I was shown, however, a neat patent-leather suitcase filled with files, saws, hammers, chisels, wires, and other paraphernalia, which was a sample of the equipment available to field agents at various fixed headquarters throughout the United States. With this, too, were some secret listening devices of the most modern character and not akin to the ancient wire-tapping methods, upon which the Department of Justice frowns.

While the development of scientific methods goes on in some of the police departments of the larger cities in the United States, because these departments are in distinct jurisdictions, and have been built up within those jurisdictions, there has been no general exchange of information. There are a few outside experts with quasi-official connections with law-enforcement agencies devoted to this work, but, in the large, scientific crime detection is still in the pioneer stage in the United States. In the Division of Investigation this scientific function is being developed to the highest possible degree, using the varied scientific resources of the United States government to widen the scope of its methods and to perfect their use. This great organization of detection and identification is, of course, at the immediate disposal of the agents in the field, and moreover it is at the free disposition of police departments throughout the nation. Bulletins are sent from time to time to about 25,000 police chiefs and other law-enforcement officers explaining in technical detail just how the latest methods of criminal identification can be used. The co-operation of police departments is solicited with increasing effect. There are few police departments in the United States that can approach the scientific equipment and the scientific technique of the Department of Justice. This equipment and technique, backing up the efforts of agents in the field who operate on a national basis, is in large degree responsible for the apprehension of kidnapers since enactment of the federal statute in 1932.

Co-ordinated Crime Detection

If what has been said here has given an impression that officers of the Department of Justice and the Division of Investigation are in some sense hostile to, or contemptuous of, local police and law enforcement officials, such an impression is inaccurate. From conversations I have had with officers of the Department I have discovered that the Federal authorities consider constant harping on the inefficiencies of local police departments to be both unfair and unhelpful. The difficulties of the local police heads are well understood — indifference of public opinion, insufficient appropriations, absence of scientific equipment, selection of police recruits on the basis of political or personal influence, and ever-present political pressures pervading whole departments.

The last thing in the world the federal authorities desire is to assume responsibility for local law enforcement. The establishment of a national police force would, in their opinion, mean the collapse of local police work. It is on this account, as well as on others, that the movement for an "American Scotland Yard" meets with a cold reception at the hands of such a man as Director Hoover of the Division of Investigation.

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The term, it was explained to me, is a misnomer. Scotland Yard is nothing more than the metropolitan police force of London. It has no jurisdiction in Ireland and Scotland, no jurisdiction of its own motion in England and Wales. It can intervene in England and Wales on the specific request of local police authorities outside of London, but it is understood to have done so in the past three years in only six cases. Its collection of fingerprints is about 500,000, as compared with more than 4,000,000 in the Division of Investigation. Its scientific equipment is said to be inferior. While it is, of course, somewhat misleading to put the case on a quantitative basis, the fact remains that in the Urschel kidnaping case, with no national police force, a handful of agents of the Division of Investigation operated over an area of about 683,000 square miles and, in co-operation with local police authorities, rounded up and convicted the criminals. Therefore the demand for an American Scotland Yard appears to our officials to be an anticlimax, an attempt to create a comparison where, in the nature of the differences, none can exist.

Proud as the Department of Justice is of its record in the enforcement of the federal kidnaping statute, its leading personalities are opposed to the creation of a national police force in the United States. Such a police would, it is felt, introduce an element of weakness into our national life. In such crimes as kidnaping, where dual jurisdiction arises, the federal authorities are of course prepared to step in, counting on the indispensable assistance of the local police authorities. But local law enforcement remains a local function. There can be no effective law enforcement until police departments are divorced from political influences, and no such divorce will occur except under the pressure of public opinion.

The Federal Department of Justice, as I understand the situation, is prepared to afford the fullest co-operation to local police departments, not alone when engaged in actual cases where dual jurisdiction brings the two into juxtaposition, but in the furnishing of fullest technical and scientific information for purposes of identification and detection. In return the local police authorities are solicited to maintain close touch with the Division of Investigation. The basis desired is one of co-operation and co-ordination, not of compulsion.

The suggestion has been made that a national training school for police officers be established under federal jurisdiction, in which the most capable officers from police departments throughout the nation would be instructed in modern, scientific police technique. This would have an especial value for the smaller cities, whose resources are insufficient to provide such training themselves. The idea is regarded as being more practical, more suited to the American form of dual governments than the establishment of a national police force or an "American Scotland Yard."

The federal government possesses certain obvious advantages in the apprehension and punishment of kidnaping that states and municipalities cannot possess. It can co-ordinate local efforts. It operates from a central focus on a national basis, with an equipment and resources that no local jurisdiction could provide. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that kidnaping is but one of about 55 major offenses which the 365 federal agents are required to investigate; that in a recent single month there were over 15,000 cases pending for investigation; and that cases are being disposed of at the rate of about 2,500 a month.

The general record of the Department of Justice is 95.5 per cent convictions in cases which it investigates, and where indictments are obtained. The answer, from the Department's viewpoint, is simple. It selects the right men, trains them, isolates them from the influence of politics, and instructs them to keep their mouths shut. There is no magic in it, but rather the two qualities which are demanded of its men — imagination and common sense.

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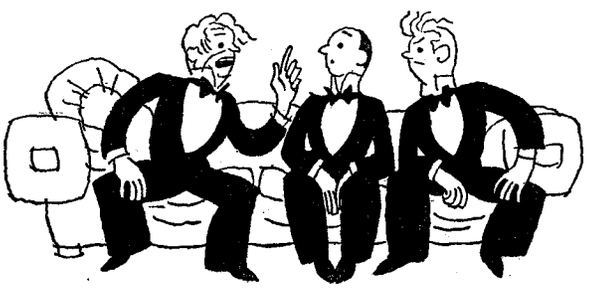
EFFICIENCY UNIVERSITY

BY JOHN FLAGG GUMMERE



COLLEGES are often condemned on the ground that they do not fit their students for life in the busy world of to-day. The tender young graduate emerges from a sheltered collegiate atmosphere into the realities of the humdrum routine of living with all its disillusionment and matter-of-factness. He is obviously unprepared for what he meets; the college gets the blame. I have been wondering just why the blame is put upon the college. Perhaps a few comparisons of life in and out of college will help to make the situation clearer.

PITY THE POOR GRADUATE

IN COLLEGE the hard worker is rewarded for honest effort. The authorities in whose hands lies the power to make rewards are trained men whose judgment is impartial and accurate. In the outside world, as the saying goes, there is the man who does the work and the man who gets credit for it (if any credit is given at all). A student often finds that he can get along in the outside world merely by discharging his duties with the least possible effort and depending on luck or influence to secure advancement. All around him he is sure to see faithful employees whose long service and devoted work never got them anywhere.

In college the student is constantly associated with men who have aims in life other than the acquisition of money. Most of them, through necessity or choice, have definitely given up all hope of making a fortune. Outside college the student finds that the sole objective of the majority of his business acquaintances and associates is expressed in terms of dollars.

In college the student talks to and listens to men of education and culture who usually make a point of expressing themselves in good English and who expect a similar effort on the part of their students. In the outside world the student rarely hears English even as good as that of the ordinary radio announcer, and as for the so-called "business English" of the letters which he receives — the less said about that the better.

The emphasis in college is on honesty and sportsmanship, and the opinion of a student body is probably the keenest, severest, and most impartial judge of these qualities which a man ever meets. But in the world outside the graduate sees every sort of illegal practice condoned: dishonesty not only winked at but openly flaunted in the face of public opinion, which is probably the most gullible and weak-minded a man ever meets.

The men in authority in college are experienced and have gone through rigorous training in special subjects. They have demonstrated their fitness to hold their positions, and were appointed in the first place only because they had attainments and characters which gave them a high reputation. In the outside world the graduate sees every sort of incompetence rewarded with responsible positions. For instance, to illustrate from fact: a bank president who was too stupid to pass his work in grammar school; a school board elected on the slate of a powerful political party, with not one member who has had any experience or knowledge of the process of education and with only one member who has even been to college. He sees the henchmen of bosses drawing salaries higher than the most expert of his

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academic preceptors and for filling positions that are often not merely sinecures but entail no work at all.

If corruption or foul play is suspected in a college community, forces at once set to work in the interest of the common welfare to root out the evil. Conscientious men devote extra time and sacrifice their own interests to set matters right. In the world outside the mere suspicion of corruption is virtually universal in every municipality of any size, but when an honest citizen tries to start a reform he is merely a voice crying in the wilderness of municipal politics and red tape.

When corruption is discovered in college the malefactor is promptly brought to trial and fairly judged. He must immediately serve whatever sentence is imposed upon him. In the world outside there is every sort of postponement and delay put in the way of quick justice, and a sentence imposed is invariably appealed and may be fought from court to court for years. Bribery and coercion are common weapons in the hand of the malefactor, and if he at last serves a sentence it is seldom of sufficient severity to equal the magnitude of his offense; finally, after his release from confinement (the sentence having been commuted for good conduct) he returns to live on the illegal gains which the courts convicted him of acquiring but were powerless to wrest from him.

A student who overcuts his classes is at once summoned to interview a dean and must pay a penalty of some kind. A motorist who parks illegally in a restricted area often has enough influence to avoid the necessity of doing anything except telephone a friend who will take care of the matter for him.

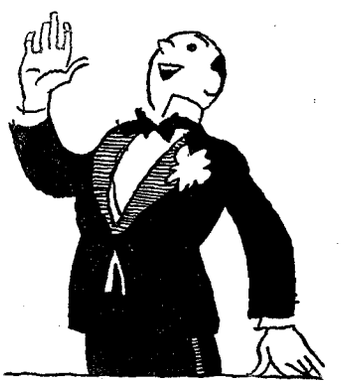
The authorities of a college must be honest, competent, hard-working, and reliable. If they lack any of these traits of character they cannot hold their places. They must also give sustained attention to their duties. The authorities who control public life and the expenditures of public funds are under no such restriction.

Of course life in college is different from life in the world outside. But whose fault is it?

Realism in Higher Education

I have a plan which will effectually answer the critics who denounce college training. I shall open an institution, the specific purpose and sole aim of which shall be training for life. I shall call it Efficiency University.

First I shall employ an advertising expert to write copy for me. Bearing in mind the principle, formulated by the advertisers themselves, that the most effective copy must be written for thirteen-year-old minds, we shall tell the public just what we know it will swallow. We shall have no entrance requirements, naturally, because what we want is size — bigness — like every other standard organization. Our curriculum, for instance, will be advertised and guaranteed to maintain its influence over graduates ten years longer than any other now offered to the public. Scientific tests will have shown that our studies are from 150 to 200 per cent more penetrating than any others now known. Our professors will be men of tremendous distinction (we can arrange for degrees and other such trifles with ease); most of them will have foreign-sounding polysyllabic names. They will never be photographed except in cap and gown. Pictures of campus and buildings will make our ordinary scenery look like the carefully tended grounds of a magnificent estate, and small rooms will appear large and imposing (college prospectuses are already rather expert at this sort of thing). We shall have a daily fifteen-minute broadcast over some national network which will feature Horatius Hotbunn and his Efficiency University Band with the Gulp Sisters (Angela and Veronica) of stage and moving-picture fame. Our announcer, whose voice will have that ring of zeal and enthusiasm so well assumed by such individuals for any purpose, will tell the audience to remember that the program is coming to them through the courtesy of Efficiency (spelled E-f-f-i-c-i-e-n-c-y) University, where they have that super-curriculum (never mind the spelling), that super-faculty, those super-etc.; where the undergraduate is trained to face the world; whose product is practically untouched by human hands.



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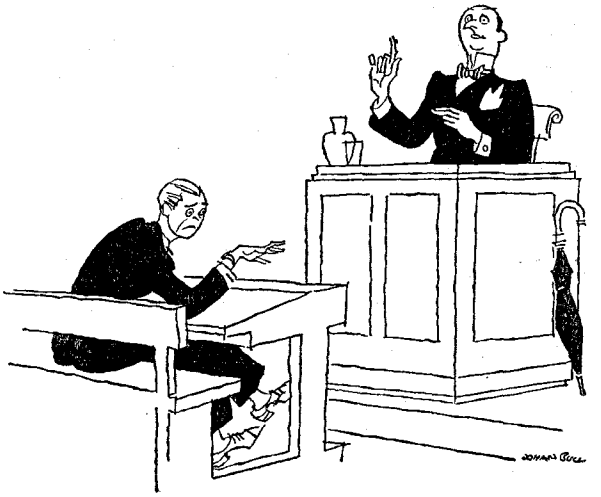

A Little Organization Here

The President of Efficiency will be a political appointee who is apt to lose his job every time one political party ousts another in an election. He will naturally be a zealous party worker and will know how to get the students of the University on the registry lists in a number of districts. The art of building up the party vote will be an important unit of our social-science courses, and laboratory work will be extensively carried on in neighboring municipalities. A student will also be given practice in at least one election in challenging the votes of honest taxpayers.

Under the control of the President will come appointments to the faculty and to all the other jobs connected with the institution. He will naturally make sure that the right people get the plums. If agitation arises to make faculty appointments subject to examinations of some kind, the organization will know how to kill it. Compare what happened when similar agitation suggested civil-service examinations for United States postmasters.

The President's salary of $20,000 *per annum* need not be eyed askance by political bigwigs, for this paltry sum can be added to with great ease through the liberal opportunities for graft. Faculty appointments will be available for those who know how to pull wires and cross the itching palms of one or two of the bosses. As for the building contracts, care of the grounds, food supplies, and so forth, they will all be offered to the bidder who has done the most for his party or who knows how to line the pockets of its leaders. I think I shall take the racket of textbooks for my own concession. I could turn in a fine profit for everybody, giving ten per cent of the gross to the University and pocketing the rest. The faculty, of course, will have to use the texts I furnish.

The disposition of the income of the University will be in the hands of a board, of which the President will be one member. The others will be ward heelers, contractors, builders, a clever lawyer to keep an eye on the letter of the law, and sundry other individuals. We shall see to it that persons who know something about education or who have an interest in it will have no more chance of being put on our board than on any other. We shall further see to it that the legislature passes bills to exempt our plant from taxes. Then our wealthy patrons will be able to build on our premises (for a consideration) and occupy fine residences free of assessment (and school tax, of course). When we need money we shall give enough honorary degrees to enough plutocrats to insure ample contributions.

Since athletics are a wonderful means of advertisement, our methods of securing promising material for teams will be the equal of the finest in the country to-day and will bear comparison with the smoothest-running organizations of other institutions which have had far longer experience. Football will receive most attention (we know our public opinion), and "students" hired to play will not have to go through any formalities of pseudo-classwork (as they do in some places) but will have nothing to do except win games and attend banquets in their honor. This method is superior in many ways to those in effect at the foremost proselyting institutions, since many of our athletes, like those elsewhere, will find it something of a strain to read or write for any length of time. Besides, we find that the eyes of many of them are so accustomed to reading large type on yellow or green paper that fifteen minutes reading in a book is bad for them. We do plan a required course, however, which is definitely in line with our fundamental purposes. Every student will be required to pass a course in comic-strip appreciation. We shall employ on the faculty an expert who will have to be a graduate of some teachers' college and who will talk in learned fashion, using the standard jargon of the so-called educational

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expert about the "techniques of social control as exemplified by the integrated basis of democratic appeal in the so-called comic strip." We fully expect a thousand-page master's thesis dealing, for instance, with "A study of social attitudes in five years of Andy Gump cartoons."

The Technique of Super-Graft

At our institution there will be plenty of petty thieving, with no means of detecting the wrongdoers. There will be bribery and illegal influence used on the faculty all the way from the President down (or up). We shall announce a standard set of collegiate rules of conduct (see catalog) but those rules will be dodged as they have never been dodged before by every artifice known to the sharpest legal minds. For a small fee a student will be able to live within the letter of the law. If summoned for an infraction of a rule a student will be taught how to discover the illegal wording of a summons or how to get released on a copy of the charges while he prepares his alibi or defense. For the simple crime of cutting a class, which was mentioned before, a student need only give a dollar or two to the man who sorts the attendance reports, and the office will never get word of the cut. If a professor appears to examine the records or to complain, he will be treated with the utmost courtesy, of course, but will get no help anywhere, and it will take so much of his time to come to the office and wait in line at hours which suit the officials of our adjustment bureau that he will soon give up such attempts. If a student is found drunk and disorderly on the campus he will naturally be liable to prosecution and even expulsion (again see catalog), but if his family is sufficiently influential he will never even come to trial. If his family fails, judicious bribery will cause witnesses to disappear and evidence to vanish.

The President, when about to fill a faculty vacancy, will not go about looking for some young Ph.D. but will employ live wires who will bring students with them. Some of our faculty will probably know as little about teaching as members of a road commission know about road building.

Our courses will naturally not include the standard subjects of the curriculum, for it is everywhere being shown that they are much too far above the intelligence of the kind of people we shall have as students. Moreover, every course will be tested and carefully analyzed by accountants to see what the cash return per professor-hour is. Courses which do not pay for themselves and show a fair profit besides will be eliminated at once.

In our English Department, among other offerings, will be the following:

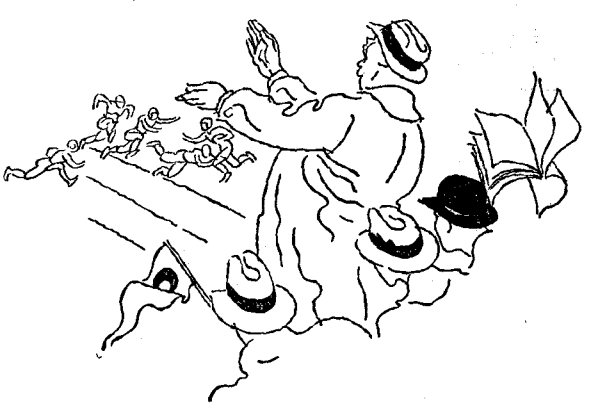
Insinuation and Innuendo. This will teach the future advertisement writer or radio announcer how to imply (legally of course) that any given product is the best made, and the products of its competitors poisonous or of faulty manufacture.

Elegant English. Students will learn how to make headlines either ambiguous or unintelligible. A seminar will specialize in methods of using about a dozen three-letter words every day for two years in three fourths of all headlines.

How to Lie Through Headlines. Students will learn that nearly everybody reads headlines and believes them, and that a great majority of people read headlines only. This course will be of special value to those who plan to work for newspapers with a political bias.

The Technique of Sex-Appeal Captions and Heads. In this course students will be shown how to twist an account of a dog fight into a half column with streamer head that will catch the eye of the most blasé corner lounger.

We have already made plans for a course in picture faking, whereby our graduates will not have to resort to the silly subterfuges of the ordinary camera man. The reporter to-day at a basketball game gets two players from each team to stand under a basket before the game. One of them then throws a ball up, and all four



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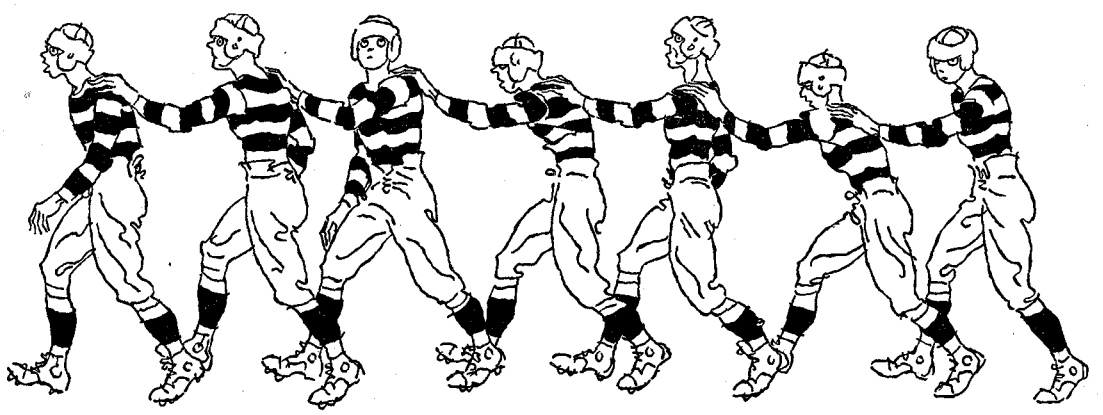
jump into the air as a flashlight is taken, and the picture next day appears with the caption: "Snappy Bit Of Action In Yesterday's Game Between Blank and Blank." All this is far too crude for us. After the presentation of a medal, cup, and so on, for example, we sha'n't make the donor and the recipient pose with silly expressions for a fake picture of the presentation. In our own college morgue will be a plentiful supply of pictures of all sorts of events which can be printed for any purpose. Players will have their backs turned to spectators, and principals in ceremonies will have faces that are a bit blurred, but they will still look just as much like the people they are supposed to represent as do the pictures now printed.

Efficiency—Molder of Master Morons

You see by even this very brief description of a few of our courses that we shall do what we promise. We'll prepare for the world all right.

When our graduates receive their diplomas they will know all about life in the outside world. As a last act they will have paid twenty-five dollars for these certificates. They will know that a diploma costs about a dollar, signed, sealed, and delivered, but the graft all along the line, to middleman and everybody else, including a fine fat cut for the University, will be carefully explained and studied in the classroom. Fresh from this last experience of life as it really is, our boys will show the world something. They will know all about every sort of false pretense and corruption. They will know that you get along by keeping in the good graces of those who have the influence. For four years they will have practiced this very thing. Graduates of Efficiency will never be accused of being unprepared for the outside world; on the contrary, the outside world had better look out for itself. Efficiency alumni, when they get fairly under way, will engineer the biggest swindles, will steal the most from city treasuries, will have the finest organizations of petty underlings and henchmen that the world has ever seen. Petty politicians will admit, in moments of weakness, that they never really knew before what it was to manipulate registry lists and swing contracts to friends. Under the guidance of our men things will hum. The power of the press will be their dish, for they will know how to get the last ounce of influence out of it. Advertising will be their greatest asset, for they will be experts in writing insinuating copy and in emphasizing half-truths. They will know surely and quickly the soft spots in public reactions and public opinion.

What a cry will then go up in the land! "Colleges should not train boys for life. They should give them four years of sheltered life in a good moral atmosphere. Boys of that age are too young to know about the outside world!"



To Be Published Soon: "A Young Man's Dilemma," by Dan W. Gilbert

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THE PSYCHOPATHIC NOVEL

BY MARY M. COLUM

IT RARELY HAPPENS that novelists or any writers know their jobs before they reach their middle thirties. Of course, an exception is always made for that unique class of writers, the lyric poets, who commonly do their best work in their twenties, when emotions have still the dew upon them. But, in the kind of writing that deals with the complexities of human relations, a writer comes to his best somewhere around middle age: his intellect develops with his emotions, and emotions ripen only after many varied experiences of life.

Not everybody's emotions go on ripening, nor does everybody's mind: the majority stop growing to any great extent after twenty-five; people are frequently emotionally moribund before they reach middle age, and sentiments and emotions after that are merely a habit. Writers, like others, often have but a brief emotional life, and this accounts for the fact that the best work of many of them is done before they are forty-five. Their creative period is brief and is sometimes only a fitful fever which warms for a brief while and then dies.

The sentence in which Wordsworth defined poetry as emotion recollected in tranquillity is perhaps the best definition of all artistic creation, if the period of tranquillity does not last beyond its useful length and does not become so long as to cause somnolence or atrophy of the faculties.

But the important writers keep on developing, and both their intellects and emotions deepen, for the restless search for truth demands in the mind that eternal conflict out of which ideas come. A man like Yeats writes better at sixty-five than he did at thirty-five, and Thomas Hardy's best poem, *An Ancient to Ancients*, was written in his seventies. He declared grandly before his death, "Life burns brightlier towards the end." Needless to say, it does not burn brightlier for the vast proportion of writers any more than it does for the bulk of ordinary men. How many contemporary writers in America or anywhere else have produced anything really worth while after forty, or have done anything except repeat themselves?

THREE AUTHORS AND THEIR FUTURES

AT LEAST three of the writers whose new books are before me — Scott Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan, and William March — are approaching their forties, and it is well to consider how their minds and brains burn, and how their futures appear. The restlessness and originality in their minds is seen in their choice of material; all three take a plunge into that latest of literary interests, the study of the psychopathic personality, the personality which is either on the borderland of insanity, or which some happening in life can drive over that borderland.

Judging by his present book, *Such Is My Beloved*, the one of these writers who has the greatest depth of emotion and widest range of sympathy, as well as a real power of meditating on life, is Morley Callaghan. Therefore one can foresee for him a continual growth, unless he does something to atrophy his faculties or ceases giving to them nutriment. For minds, like bodies, have to be continually nourished or they will become anemic and unproductive.

William March, in *Come in at the Door*, has developed further the tragic sense of life which showed its beginning in his first book, *Company K*. But it has not yet reached its full intensity, and he is as yet more remarkable for his potentialities than for his achievement.

Scott Fitzgerald has been longer before the public than either of these writers. He has a far more varied talent and a brilliance that has not dimmed. It simply has not grown more pro-

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found nor does it seem to have drawn any fresh sustenance from life. More complex excitements than were rife in his previous books are found in *Tender Is the Night*, but all of them are on too shallow a level of experience, and his mental nutriment seems to have been a trifle too jazzy and lacking in some of those more solid vitamins which give a writer sympathy with the characters he is creating.

Art and the Broken Mind

The mind of a writer is nourished in a double way: by art and by life. The writer learns his craft from other writers and from something in his own developing mentality. From books and from experience his mind gets that fertilization, that reaction which gives him his material; for all writing and all ideas worth while represent what psychologists call a reaction to stimulus. No matter how great or original is a man's mind, he is likely to wear out if his experience of life or art is allowed to become meager. He needs stimulation of various kinds to help him to express what is in him. He needs even the stimulus of knowing that his work is wanted, and that it arouses a response in his readers, a response that may not always be flattering but may even, as with the literature of ideas, be merely a ferment of angry excitement.

In this country experience is for some reason nearly always identified with what the colorful magazines call the "love life," and this, whether inside or outside the bounds of matrimony, has but the limited nutriment value that a single special article of diet commonly has. The clues that it gives to life are limited in their potentials. In addition, they are such as are most useful in that form of subjective writing of which we have had a plethora, where the novel degenerates into a sort of literal transcript of the writer's personal life, instead of being an imaginative creation based on knowledge and material that he might have absorbed from his experience. The material out of which *Such Is My Beloved* is built is necessarily limited in its possibilities, but it has reality and intensity. The writer's mind has been touched in such a way by life that he has been made intensely aware of other people, whereas many contemporary writers have remained throughout their lives intensely aware only of themselves. Morley Callaghan knows how a certain proportion of other men act, feel, and think; he knows where they fail and stumble; and — most remarkable of all — he knows how they can be driven insane.

For some time now, writers in the search of new material have begun to dig deeper and deeper into the mysteries of personality, into the hidden regions of the mind. This has been an age of psychological discoveries, an age when a determined attempt has been made to give to the study of psychology the proportions of an exact science, and this has worked a revolution in the presentation of characters in fiction and in drama. Nowadays a novel is frequently not a narrative but a psychological chronicle of a person's attempt to struggle with a life either too simple or too complex for his spiritual and psychic capacities, and sometimes the struggle ends with the mind breaking. For the mind, as is well known, can break down as fatally under too much drabness and monotony as it can from too many dramatic and tragic happenings.

Of course writers in the past frequently studied mental breakdown, but when they drew cases of it in their own work these were too frequently definitely demented or maniacal, like Ophelia, or Rochester's wife in *Jane Eyre*, or Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*. Even yet, to the ordinary man, an insane person is one who foams at the mouth or tears around like an Indian in a war dance. But in the complexity of the modern world where life is so often a "heap of broken images," the writer begins to see types such as the manic-depressive and schizophrenic personalities, which are not only normal for long periods but which are able to conform to a great many of the functions and duties of life, being indeed sometimes found in people of high intellectual potentiality and ability.

The study of mental disease is of obvious interest and value to writers, because of the fact that the examination of the emotions, ideas, and fears of a mental patient is like viewing normal emotions, ideas, and fears enlarged by a microscope, so that their various components are more clearly visible. The normal man has to struggle, as Jung has pointed out, with the same complexes, the same emotions which drive the neurotic off

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his balance. The mixture of hate, for example, frequently found in passionate love becomes so exaggerated in mental trouble that we can observe and understand more clearly the conflict of desires that arouse this hatred. The phenomena of transference, common enough in normal people in the little events of everyday life, can in the insane assume a scale and a complexity that are full of clues for any student of human nature. The fantastic remorses of mental patients, either transferred from some transgression which they cannot face to something more creditable to themselves, or worked up out of nothing because they were thwarted in the satisfaction of some passion or ambition; or the scrupulously formulated sense of honor and heroics with which they flatter themselves — those distortions give more of an insight into the factors which make up the self-flattery and vanity that is part of nearly everybody than can be given in the study of normal types.

Three Psychopathic Types

In the three novels previously mentioned the most remarkable psychologic study is certainly that of Morley Callaghan's Father Dowling, whose character is drawn with such subtlety and insight that it is powerfully convincing to readers, whether or not they have any special knowledge. It is the study of a type whose outstanding characteristics are goodness, benevolence, and self-sacrifice, beginning at a certain point of eccentricity which, like the initial mistake of a single figure in a long calculation, finally throws out the total. The case of Father Dowling would, I think, seem authentic to any psychiatrist, and it never becomes merely distressing, as does the bathroom scene in Scott Fitzgerald's story, where the breakdown is not sufficiently prepared for. Father Dowling remains an attractive person, lovable and pathetic in everything he does; his gradual sinking into mental confusion, after an emotional upset and bewilderment at the injustice of the world, is done with such beauty and reality that the man remains as he was at the beginning, a kind of saint without weakness or milksoppery.

On the other hand, Scott Fitzgerald's chief woman character, Nicole, in her insane passages seems more like a case history from a textbook than a novelist's study of a real character. It is, indeed, a study of the disease rather than a study of that type of personality which may be subject to the disease. Considerable knowledge of psychiatry and its history is shown, and psychiatric terms are scattered lavishly through the pages, along with the names of great mental experts like Kraepelin and Bleuler. There is far too much external documentation and too little of the novelist's intuitive knowledge of the character he is creating. The heroine, Nicole, can pass for long periods as a normal wife and mother and as an entertaining member of a social set. But she is a psychopath, afflicted with that baffling mental disease which, because it often begins between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, used to be called dementia præcox. It also breaks out in people up to the age of fifty and is often unaccompanied by dementia, and for this reason Bleuler found the term inexact; he named it schizophrenia, or split personality, thereby indicating that the disease destroys the cohesion of the personality, causes the will to deteriorate and the affective power to diminish so that ideas of death or love or liberty lose all meaning. In such cases, the previous attachments of patients are changed into hatreds when they do not sink into indifference, living in a dream detached from all reality.

A number of these traits in some form can be observed in people we consort with every day who we think are normal — people who have no feeling or who feel only in patches or people who live forever in a sort of dream, who have what is called shut-in personalities. There are others, apparently living a normal life, who have achieved hardly as much consciousness as an intelligent animal. Most authorities on the subject say that the disease in a simple form is widespread, but that many touched by it are capable of living a moderately normal life. But how disastrous they can be for the people they live with!

In the old classic novel the character was always depicted as the normal integrated human being, able to impose a unity on himself and his actions and actuated on the whole, if he was the hero, by distinguished principles. Now there is coming into literature this other type which may, after all, be as common —

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the people who are unreliable, lying, subject to fears; who are treacherous; who cannot keep a secret; who, if they have any affections at all, have them for one person; who are full of jealousies and terrors; and who, above all, are alone and lonely.

The chief character, Chester, in William March's *Come in at the Door*, is a man who had received in childhood what psychologists call a trauma, in this instance a result of witnessing the hanging of a negro whom he himself had treacherously betrayed. Though he is highly intelligent, Chester is almost completely lacking in affectivity and experiences just enough positive emotion to fall in love a little and to marry. But this transient feeling does not last long, and we are left contemplating a character who loses everything that attaches him to the world. In the last chapter, after the funeral of his estranged and eccentric father, there flashes back to his consciousness the memory of the hanging, and we see his mind suddenly break as he runs and runs as madmen run. "His face was twisted with pain and his hands pressed together in agony. 'I'm very amusing,' he shouted over and over, 'I'm essentially a comic character,' but his words were lost to the larger sound of the world's fury."

There is a deeply intuitive quality about the revelation of this character that may elude the general reader. It is, as is Scott Fitzgerald's Nicole, the study of the schizophrenic personality, and there are therefore certain points in common between the two characters to which it is necessary to draw attention. Both have suffered a psychic injury in childhood, the effect of which eventually causes the breakdown of their minds — Chester, because he witnessed the hanging, Nicole because of what seems to be an incestuous attack, though this has the air of an incident tacked on to the character by the author, rather than a happening woven into her subconsciousness, as the psychic injury to Chester is woven into his subconsciousness.

There is in both books a wild running scene, but the one in Fitzgerald's is the more dramatic, authentic, and memorable. The heroine, feeling an attack coming on, begins to run suddenly and madly through the crowd at the fair, eluding her husband. She is eventually found, revolving in a boat on a Ferris wheel and laughing hysterically as the astonished bystanders gaze at her. This episode is beautifully and revealingly done, and could have been written only by a man of high gifts. But always the personality is revealed from the outside, whereas William March, with a less brilliant mind than Fitzgerald's, reveals his hero from the inside and from the character he has created. We get the sensation that we have met a man so constructed by nature and inheritance that under the buffets of fate his mind must break.

How, it may be asked, can a sane and normal person depict the personality of one who is abnormal? Nearly everybody under some strain in life has felt sufficiently near breaking to understand how a neurotic can lose his balance. But even the inventive mind of the novelist needs some first-hand observation of a broken mind before he can begin to create one. At that, no matter how realistic his data may be, he must have that power, which all the great creators of character had, whether they were creating beggar, king, pimp, or madman, of first discovering the beggar, king, pimp, or madman in themselves. This is the quality in which Scott Fitzgerald's creation of Nicole is inferior to March's Chester and to Callaghan's Father Dowling. Among the multiple creatures that people every novelist's mind Morley Callaghan was able to discover, not only the lovable and eccentric priest, who ascetically loved the two prostitutes, but also the prostitutes themselves, the bishop, and the respectable parishioners. And William March was able to find in the creatures of his mind, not only the Chester who betrayed Baptiste, but also Baptiste himself and the negro woman Matty.

The only character in *Tender Is the Night* who has life like these is Dick Diver, Nicole's husband. Fitzgerald, however, in sheer writing power is superior to both Callaghan and March, and this book, despite the impression it gives of being slung together, rather than constructed, shows its author's distinctive gifts — a romantic imagination, a style that is often brilliant, a swiftness of movement, and a sense of enchantment in people and places, all of which combine to give his books the great merit of being always entertaining. Nevertheless, nearly all his early faults remain: his male

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characters are still as they were over a decade ago, prankish sophomores; his female characters are bright, brittle, and young, with all the material sophistications, and those of the social sophistications understood, in a jazzy and superficially cultivated society. He can summon up terror and pathos, but what pity and tragedy are he does not know, for he has never really meditated on life. Yet he has expressed very well indeed a section of the life of his time, a section that may perhaps seem totally crazy to our descendants. And because he is its chronicler and because there is that sort of personality in his writing that there is in the memoir writers, he may last a trifle longer than his superiors in profundity — than, for example, Callaghan, who is a profounder writer, but a less interesting one, and who has a style which is too often queerly pedestrian. Like March, Callaghan seems as yet a trifle unformed, and like March also, some of his characters are not actual inventions, but are taken over from literary types. The protector of one of the street walkers, for example, bears too close a resemblance to the classic character of Bubu of Montparnasse. Just one or two of March's people seem to be the stock characters of the southern novel. But where all these writers are original is in their attempt to create the neurotic personality, which they have done with a knowledge not previously the property of writers.

The Sensitized Type

A whole epoch, a whole civilization seems to lie between these American writers and the Ivan Bunin of *The Well of Days*, though little more than a decade in years separates them. But curiously enough Bunin's central character, Arsyenev, belongs to the same family of minds as Callaghan's Father Dowling, March's Chester, and Fitzgerald's Nicole: the highly sensitized human being, living in a world of his own, whose mind a rude blow from fate might split in two. But Arsyenev protects himself with the mystic sentimentalism that belongs to old civilizations and the aristocratic discipline that belongs to old cultures. Fairly secure in these he drifts dreamily past the obstacles which confront him in life, whereas the Americans, fastened to no moorings, bang up against them.

Yet tame and old-fashioned and second-rate as Bunin's book is, I have no hesitation in expressing a conviction that of the four, it is the one that will last the longest, for it is written by a man who, within his narrow limits, is a subtle artist. It belongs to a type of writing and reveals the kind of mind for which there has always been a place in literature, the kind of mind which is revealed somewhat differently in Maurice de Guerin's *Centaur* and more profoundly in Amiel's diary — the mind which always has an appeal for timid, intellectual, and sensitive people, who like to understand how other intellectual and sensitive people have, without loss of dignity, managed to make an escape from the more blatant or more complex experiences of life.

Forum Poetry Contest

The Editor of The Forum takes pleasure in announcing a prize contest, open only to the undergraduates of American colleges and universities, for the best three poems submitted before May 15, 1934. First Prize: $50. Second Prize: $30. Third Prize: $20. In case of a tie there will be duplicate prizes.

Judges

Joseph Auslander
William Rose Benét
Mary M. Colum
Robert Hillyer
Haniel Long
Archibald MacLeish

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Poetry Editor, The Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., and should be mailed before midnight of May 15, 1934. Under no circumstances will any manuscripts be returned.

For further instructions see page XVI in advertising sect.

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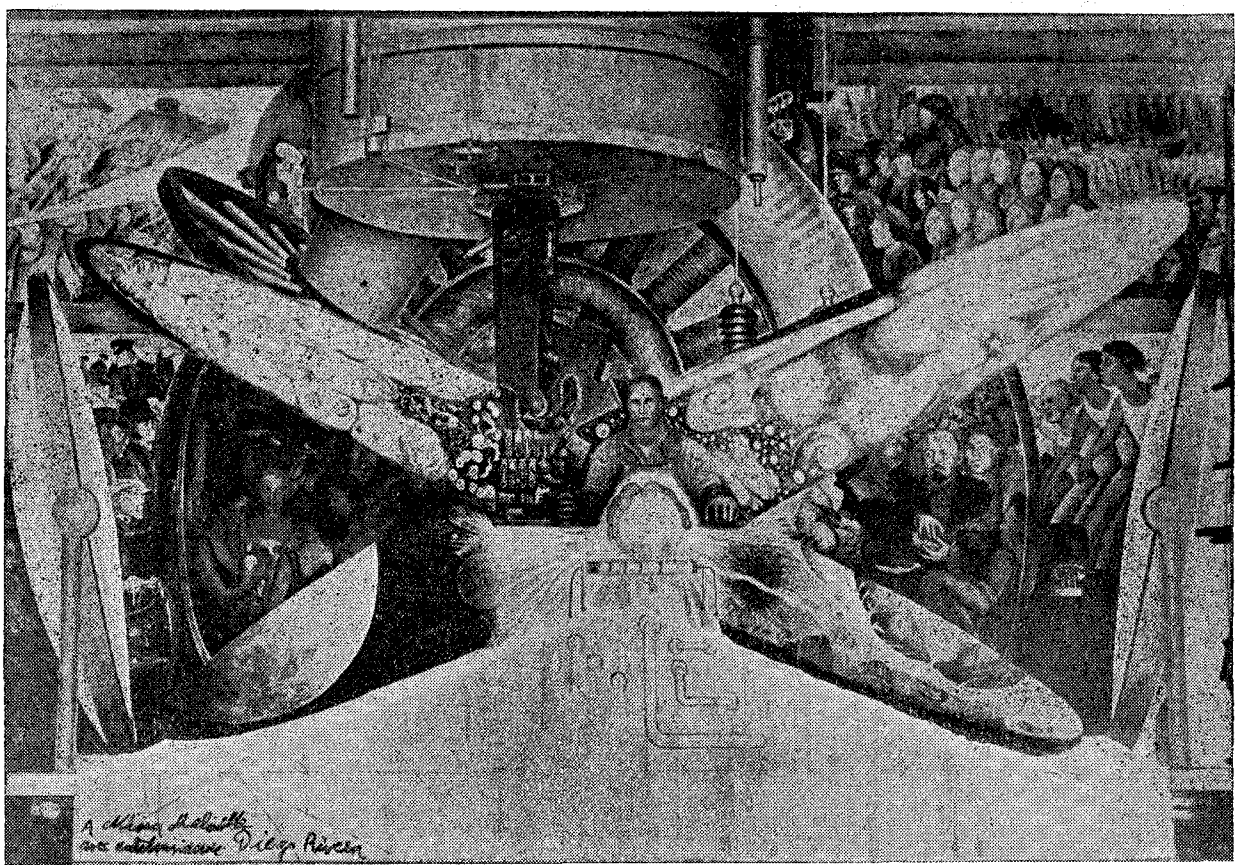

Keystone

DIEGO RIVERA'S MURAL FOR ROCKEFELLER CENTER

THIS IS one of the few complete photographs ever taken of Diego Rivera's mural for Rockefeller Center. Rivera's refusal to remove from this panel the likeness of Lenin — who is pictured as joining the hands of Negroes, Orientals, and Whites in a common spirit of brotherhood — prompted the officials of Rockefeller Center to dispense with the artist's services last May and conceal the painting, which was finally destroyed in February. The figures in the upper right-hand corner of the panel represent a proletarian demonstration in Red Square, Moscow. Prominently depicted in the background of this scene is Lenin's tomb.

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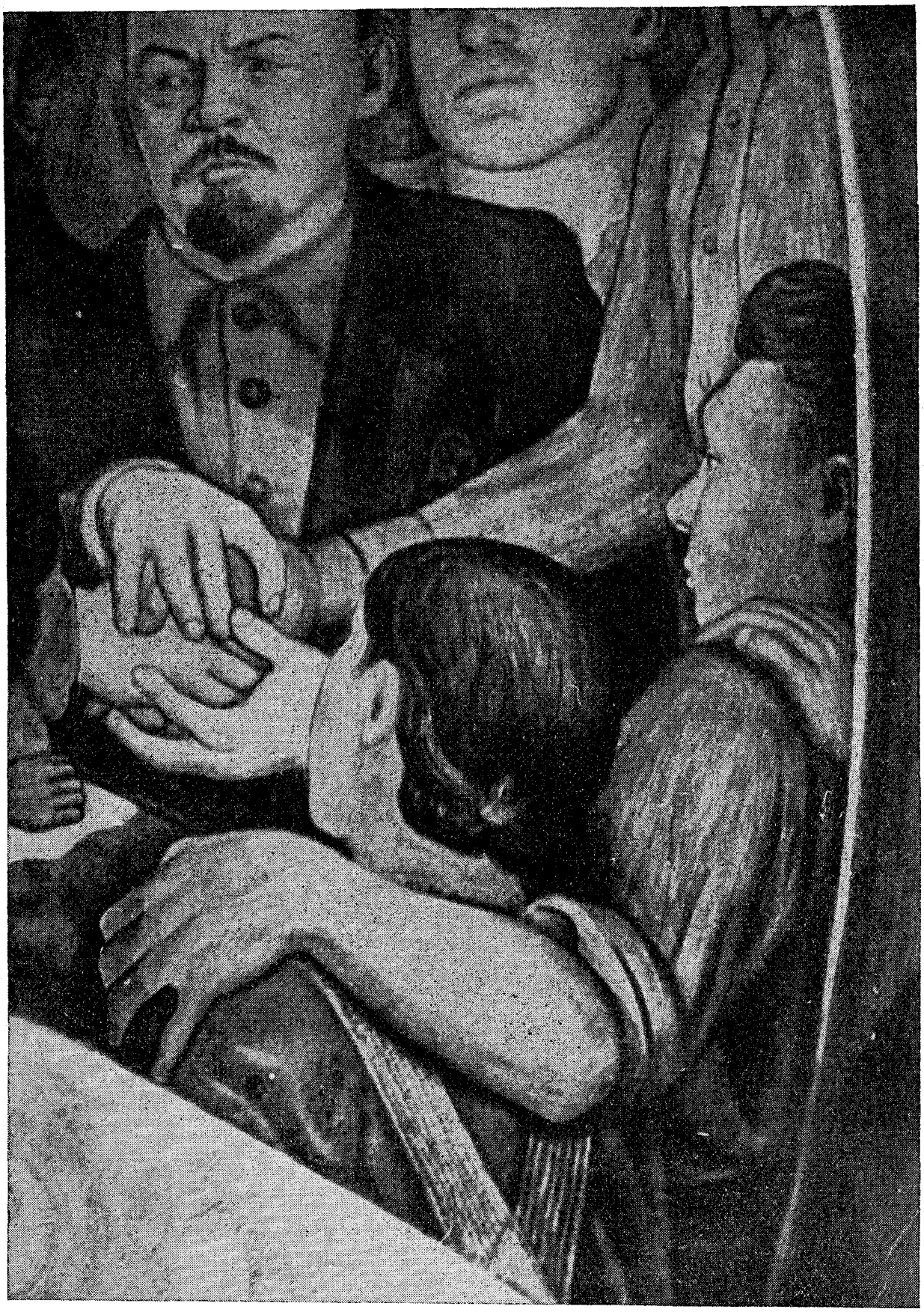

Keystone

A close-up of the portion of Diego Rivera's mural which offended the officials of Rockefeller Center. In the reproduction on the opposite page it can be seen located at the right, between two inclined segments representing the reflectors of a giant telescope.

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WHAT HAPPENS AT LOURDES?

Psychic Forces in Health and Disease

BY H. FLANDERS DUNBAR

OUR AGE IS an age of intellects, and we overlook a fact of which our poets are constantly reminding us, that it is emotion that makes us think, and it is emotion that illumines for each of us the things worth thinking about. And this remains true no matter how intellectual we try to be, or how far we try to separate thought and emotion. More especially it is emotion that makes us *free* to think and act. We all know, for example, that the scholar, living alone with his books, devoting himself to thought, excluding emotion, has a tendency to dry up, and that his words begin to lose their power, whereas he himself begins to lose the power of action.

This is the age of professors of psychology, but they attempt to study the psyche in terms of reflexes, sensations, and I.Q.'s. Their study of emotion goes very little beyond the attempt to define it. We have given little attention to emotions in relation to health, although we know that a startling number of physiological changes accompany emotion. When it comes to emotion in relation to things of the spirit, or in relation to thinking, our blind spot is even more complete. We think of pathological emotions or of emotional outbursts among the people, which we attempt to curb or punish, but we think rarely of the whole range of psychic forces in the integration of personality or of our social order.

Now before going on with this question, and as an illustration of the power of psychic forces, I want to give you a glimpse of the life in a small town in southern France, where the relationships between thought, action, and emotion are very different from those to which we are accustomed. And, incidentally, it is for this reason that one hears such conflicting reports about Lourdes. In a sense they are all true. Lourdes has been called sordid, depressing, unhygienic, medieval. Lourdes has been called impressive, mysterious, inspiring. Whatever it be called, it is the greatest healing shrine in the western world to-day, visited each year by well on to a million pilgrims and some seventeen thousand sick.

LOURDES AND ITS PILGRIMS

WHEN ONE enters Lourdes, *la ville sainte*, as it is popularly called, perhaps one's most striking impression is that there is nothing particularly striking about it. The valley of

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Lourdes has natural beauty, but one has seen much more beautiful valleys and much more attractive towns. Its distinguishing feature is one narrow, winding side street, crowded with shops full of things for tourists, particularly those religiously inclined, all of which close during the winter, leaving the street deserted. This street leads down to the church. The church itself, rising above the grotto and baths, is not remarkable, although its three stories and great semicircular ramps, outlining an enormous plaza, give it rather unusual possibilities. Architecturally it is ineffectual, and might be called ugly. In other words, the visitor who goes to Lourdes with the preconceived idea that the things that happen there have something to do with the suggestive and healing power of beauty, either natural or artificial, is disappointed and puzzled.

As one comes to know the town one discovers little things: for example, that it is "against the rules" to sell or serve meat anywhere on Fridays, and that sight-seeing trips start at hours which make it possible for the drivers to attend first to their religious duties. Still, after all, the populace is much like the populace of any other small French town, making the most of its summer tourists. But when one visits these people in their homes, dirty huts on the narrow streets or villas on the hills above the town, one hears stories of the *miraculés* of Lourdes. These stories crop up in the midst of purely casual conversation among friends gathered for tea, and are told with a fervor and devotion which recalls the spirit of the Middle Ages, and of the peasant who has lived his life in some far-away valley in close dependence on the forces of nature which, for all his communion with them, he can never comprehend. Why does the lightning strike here or there? Why does the rain fall some seasons and not others? Why did our Lady of Lourdes the other day heal the unknown orphan Belgian peasant girl and yet leave the young son of one of her most devoted servants at the Grotto still speechless year after year? These are the mysteries of God and of nature about which one speaks with reverence and faith.

It is into this atmosphere that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims pour every year, according to a fixed schedule which allows each pilgrimage its three or five days. If one lives in a hotel, one soon becomes an old resident, having seen thousands come and go. Last night the language spoken in the dining room was Dutch, and one was surrounded by stolid Dutch faces, many of them set off by lace caps and the picturesqueness of the native costumes. This morning one comes downstairs into all the vivacity of an Italian world; not a Dutch face is to be seen. And one learns that the Dutch pilgrimage left at five in the morning and that the Italian pilgrimage is on. Each pilgrimage has its daily schedule given out by its priest: so many Masses, so many hours of prayer for the sick at the baths, stations of the cross, nursing service, and participation in the great processions. The church and grounds and the steep rocky Calvary rising above them are never without their throngs of pilgrims. Yet there is silence, broken by chants and prayers, from the first Mass at five-thirty in the morning till the winding torchlight procession, with its *Ave* to an air of moving simplicity, which lends it a strange beauty every evening before the final Mass at midnight.*

Most people think of Lourdes and its priests; some think of the physicians at the Medical Bureau; but strangely enough neither group presents anything particularly out of the ordinary, and in the hands of neither group is the ultimate power where the sick are concerned. This rests with the nurses and the stretcher bearers, many of them titled personages more or less in disguise, doing all sorts of menial tasks, each one with his story: a miraculous cure of a member of his family for which he is paying, as he will say; or a tragic life history. They constitute a powerful national organization, and their faces and bearing are in striking contrast to those of the multitudes they serve.

The sick are cared for in two hospitals, generally lacking in modern improvements and equipment. When you realize that these two hospitals together receive from one thousand to fifteen hundred new patients every three to five days, you can picture what this would mean in terms of hospital administration and medical care. The hospitals are uncomfortable stone buildings, in the damp rooms of which the patients lie in long rows, bed touching bed,

** The midnight Mass is not held daily as are all other ceremonies.*

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receiving hardly a minimum of care and many of them suffering acutely. The physician or even the trained nurse, casually visiting one of these hospitals, will find his principles outraged at every point, and yet sooner or later he will be arrested by something in these wards which he will not understand. Gradually these patients, who represent as interesting and diverse a clinical material as is to be found in our own proverbial Bellevue, will cease to be merely clinical material and become human beings, strangely happy human beings who do not complain as their tired eyes come back again and again to the figure of Our Lady of Lourdes, the only break in the bare stone walls which enclose them. There is an atmosphere of confidence and contentment in these hospital rooms which is not found in our wards. It is not achieved even in the most efficient and advanced of our hospitals, under the most competent or far-famed of physicians.

As the visiting physician is musing on these things, in all probability there will be a tug at his sleeve, and a Sister will quietly request that he come over into the corner and tell her whether the poor sick girl lying there will die before the procession that afternoon, or whether if given an injection she may hope to live through it. He will learn to his amazement that once and usually twice daily all these patients, even those on the point of death, are carried on stretchers and in wheel chairs down to the church, to the baths, and to the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

These processions of the stretcher bearers to and from church and hospital defy description. You may be tired and drinking tea on the sidewalk as a procession passes six feet away. You will have time enough to study it because it will be a long time in passing, hundreds of sick and dying people carried painfully on primitive stretchers or drawn in wheel chairs over rough cobblestones. Palsies, all sorts of fractures even to broken backs, tuberculosis in the most extreme stages, cancer and disfiguring skin diseases, ulcers and draining wounds, to say nothing of the dysenteries and other diseases that present less vivid pictures. The stretcher bearers, and the patients too, to the extent of their strength, pray constantly and audibly during the course of the procession, and those who have died on the way look only a little more contented than the rest.

A physician may visit the baths, and to do so he must register at the Medical Bureau and obtain a pink card, with the aid of which he will make his way through the crowds of praying pilgrims to the iron gate. But once admitted, what he will see will depend entirely on the good will of the titled personage in charge. If he happens to give the guardian of the gate the impression that his personality might be disturbing to the pervading atmosphere of prayer, he may be kept outside in the corridor until everything is over and then be shown only the empty baths. As the guardian will say, the physician is not master here. Each of these patients has journeyed hundreds and thousands of miles, and it is not fair that a skeptical or unprayerful soul should be present to disturb his spiritual poise or prejudice his chance of healing.

The bathing is continuous, except for the noon hour, from eight-thirty or ten in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, when the sick are banked row on row within the semicircular ramps of the church. They lie there, heedless of rain or scorching sun, for some two hours, while the Blessed Sacrament procession passes, led by the women of their pilgrimage in long white veils, then the men, the priests, and the doctors. The sick are pressed in by other pilgrims, and the church and grounds and ramps are thronged. As the priest with the Host approaches, the chants are replaced by prayers of the most moving sort, shouted by thousands of voices, one day in Italian, another in French, or again in Dutch or in English, while the priest blesses the sick one by one.

Seigneur, nous vous adorons.
Seigneur, nous espérons en vous.
Seigneur, nous vous aimons.

. . . .

Seigneur, nous croyons, mais augmentez notre foi.
Vous êtes la résurrection et la vie.
Sauvez-nous, Jésus, nous périssons.
Seigneur, si vous le voulez, vous pouvez me guérir.
Seigneur, dites seulement une parole et je serai guéri.

. . . .

Seigneur, celui que vous aimez est malade.
Seigneur, faites que je voie.
Seigneur, faites que je marche.
Seigneur, faites que j'entende.
Mère du Sauveur, priez pour nous.
Salut des infirmes, priez pour nous.

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Each cry rings out again and again as the priest makes his way slowly around the huge circles.

Now and then it will happen that a patient who for months or years has not stirred from his bed, will get up and walk, following in the procession, although demonstrations of this sort are discouraged, because Lourdes aims to guard against hysteria in many of its forms. But in the evening in the hospital some patient will begin to eat, then get out of bed and busy himself in caring for the other patients in his ward. The pilgrimage physician will be called and asked if this patient has been cured. If a large nervous element be suspected, even though there be co-existent organic disease, the patient is told to thank God for his cure, but not to visit the Medical Bureau.

Many hundreds of persons who present themselves at the Medical Bureau are turned away without even so much as a noting of their names, because the Bureau was established to confirm purely organic cures and cures for which it considers adequate certificates can be obtained. The physicians or representatives of science at the Medical Bureau are not interested in studying psychic forces. Furthermore, it is only a small number of those whose illness has been relieved at Lourdes who find their way to the Medical Bureau at all, because most people care more about the fact that they feel themselves cured than they do about obtaining a doctor's certificate to that effect.

Science and Psychic Forces

Yet even a complete account covering all groups of those healed at Lourdes would fall far short of exhausting the significance of Lourdes in relation to health. You will see what I mean if I repeat some conversations with physicians. I asked a physician from the north of Europe who had been coming to Lourdes as medical director of a pilgrimage for twelve years whether any of his patients had been cured. He said: "No patient of mine has ever been cured, although I often advise them to come. So far as I know our people never have had a real cure. We are too cold, we do not believe easily enough. The naïve, simple faith of the priests and the people of Lourdes is foreign to us. But what is remarkable is that everyone who comes goes away quiet, and that not just for a few days; often it is a quietness lasting a lifetime."

This same factor is stressed by physicians who have had cures among their patients. One of them remarked: "Whatever may be said as to the value of bringing to Lourdes each year these hundreds of sick on the chance that one or two of them may be cured, the important thing to me is that all of them are in some way changed, and go back with a different attitude toward their illness and able to help others, whether it be only the fretful patient in the next bed in the hospital to which they return to die, or whether they get well and go out into the community."

Now as to those who are cured. The nurses and the stretcher bearers have their own criteria. They have seen real cures and cures which they knew would not last. They stress the deep confidence and quiet in those who are really cured as compared to the hysterical excitement in some of the others. It was my good fortune during my first week at Lourdes to see two patients in point, both girls with tuberculosis, so sick that their physicians had advised against their coming, predicting that they could not survive the journey. One of them, following the bath, shouted out: "I am cured! Our Lady has cured me!" and the curious thronged about her. The other turned to the nurse and said: "I wonder if it can be true? I feel as if I were cured." She said nothing to anyone else. I saw them both the day following. The first patient had collapsed somewhat, and was being talked to by the Sister in charge about discipline of the spirit. The other stood out from the masses of sick around her by the radiance of her personality. I had seen this girl two days before on a stretcher, scarcely able to raise her hand, having been unable to eat for days, coughing painfully. I saw her now, radiant, though emaciated, and walking about in the service of her sick companions. The cough had disappeared, and she felt perfectly well. She interested me so much that I visited her three weeks later in her own little village near Como, and talked with her physician. He said that he had not expected her to return and was astonished. There had been a complete revolution in her condition. If this girl continues to improve and returns to the Medical Bureau next year in good health, she will be

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declared a *miraculé*. Of course it is possible that this may have been only a temporary alleviation of her illness, and she may have a relapse, although those experienced in matters of the spirit predict that she will live. I saw other patients go through the experience of being cured in this way, and it is remarkable the accuracy with which the attendants are able to distinguish the real or the possibly real from the pseudo.

But for our purposes the medical aspect of Lourdes, fascinating in itself, is of secondary importance. There is no question that there is a force active at Lourdes powerful in its effect on the believer and the unbeliever. Things happen at Lourdes which we cannot explain on the basis of our present knowledge of medicine or of spiritual resources. The important thing is that psychic forces without the help of scientific method and many of the tools for healing that science has given us, and indeed in disobedience of many of the principles science has taught us, are making people happier and freer to act. What might not psychic forces accomplish if aided by all these things?

Before we can answer this question we must learn more about psychic forces, and I am using the term to cover the range of experience variously termed "spiritual," "emotional," and "mental." The very fact that our terms are confused, that one has to use the term "psyche" to avoid a lengthy philosophical discussion of "mind" as opposed to "soul" indicates how confused our thinking is here, and how little our knowledge. But we do know something and more, probably, than we realize we know.

Emotions and Health

We have an old proverb, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," and we know now that we cannot have a sound mind or body with a distorted emotional life. More than this, the physician often cannot cure an ordinary disease in a person with a distorted emotional life. Even drugs, on which the physician usually relies, are hampered in their effect or rendered ineffective by emotional or spiritual conflict. For example, one of the first things a physician prescribes in almost any disease is rest in bed or a sedative. Rest, which is what he really means to prescribe, occurs sometimes and sometimes not. This is a major problem in medicine because rest is a *sine qua non* for the efficacy of most of our therapy. But rest is not merely a matter of lying in bed; it involves relaxation of excessive tensions, not only of physical but also of emotional tensions. While such tensions persist, the effectiveness of medical treatment is impeded. The physician has discovered that psychiatry has more effective techniques to offer than the temporary dulling of emotional or spiritual conflict with sedatives. But we are only just beginning to study emotions seriously, and few people have even a vague understanding of them. This is one of the great new fields for medicine and for scientific experiment.

As I have just indicated, medicine is awakening to its responsibility and is turning its attention to the study of the emotions from three points of view: as the right handling of them may prevent illness; as they may cause illness or block its cure; and, finally, as they may assist in the cure of illness. It was noted that things happen at Lourdes which we cannot explain on the basis of our present knowledge of medical or spiritual resources. Such things happen also in our own hospitals: patients recover suddenly when they are expected to die. Sometimes the physician discovers that an emotional or spiritual experience has played a rôle, but more often his attention is so centered on the organic side that he overlooks this possibility. Modern civilization has accomplished a rather startlingly complete separation of body and soul, priest and physician, although early in our history the powers of both were vested in one person.

There is, however, one further aspect of this question that is worth stressing. There was a period when we thought all emotional problems were moral problems and, in consequence, felt guilty about our difficulties. Even to-day, a person is often blamed if he is depressed or has a nervous breakdown, but very seldom if he gets a cold or breaks a leg. As a matter of fact, both types of illness may have the same fundamental ætiology or basis, and if a person is to be blamed for one, he is to be blamed for the other. But with the broken leg we do not stop to think about blaming; we see that we get the patient to the right doctor as quickly as possible, and, in the case of the cold, that he does what we know can be done about it from

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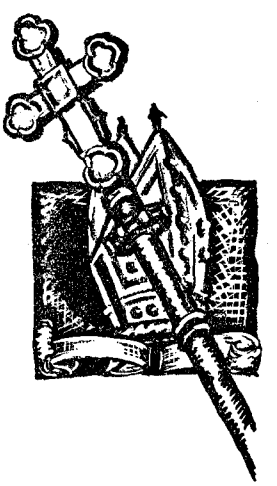
the point of view of medicine or hygiene. There are still too few of us who know enough to do the same thing with nervous breakdowns and depressions. With these things we feel ashamed and postpone remedial measures, often because the subject is painful, although most of us have learned not to postpone too long having a tooth treated just because it may hurt, and very few of us are ashamed or feel guilty because of a tooth that needs treatment. We are more likely to think of the unpleasant or even disastrous results of letting it go too long; we forget that emotional conflicts or depressions let go too long may be equally disastrous.

More important even than these things, however, is the freedom to think and act that comes to us, both as individuals and as groups, when we begin to understand something about the handling of emotional life. For example, we are just beginning to learn something about the power of emotion in the prevention of illness, not only disease of the body, but disease of the social order. To-day we are fascinated and a little frightened by a picture of unusual misery and suffering, and we speak of crisis in our social order. We are spending time, energy, and money in picking up the pieces, alleviating the distress of those who have fallen over the precipice, so to speak, but our attention is absorbed by these works of charity so that we do not see the thousands standing on the edge of the precipice, falling over more rapidly than we can pick them up. Our own emotions are such that we are readier to alleviate suffering than to prevent it. Half the attention in terms of time, energy, and money devoted to those standing on the edge of the precipice will accomplish more than the expenditure of all we have in picking up the pieces. This is a problem for science, but not for the kind of science that has a blind spot for psychic forces. We need only think again of what happens at Lourdes without the help of science.

One may venture to say that in all the history of the development of mankind, nothing more important has happened than the present application of the scientific method to the study, not merely of human behavior, but especially of emotions from the point of view of their physiological significance on the one hand and their social significance on the other. We understand now that emotions are not merely a by-product in our thinking and acting, but are dynamically related to them. In a sense it is truly emotion that makes us think and emotion that makes us act. But we need also a concept of psychic forces. Science itself is coming at last to realize a fact which is of critical importance to us to-day.

Science has brought us far, but science in setting the standard of pure thought, eliminating emotion, has constructed a grand, powerful Pompeii at the side of Vesuvius. If we fail to realize this, it is only because we are too busy to step out from the traffic of the lighted streets to see the smoke rising from the volcano, be it to ponder on the havoc of another war, or on the chaos of blind feeling seething behind many of the fine trained minds of our college youth.

Dr. Dunbar has in preparation another article, "When Medicine and Religion Meet"



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THE FARMER'S WAY TO RECOVERY

BY RUSSELL HOLT PETERS

It has been nearly thirteen years now since the farmer fell into the economic well, yet he is still like the frog in the fable: he climbs up one foot to fall back two. Millions of dollars and millions of words have been expended to extricate him. The years before 1933 saw the bitter fight for the McNary-Haugen Bill and its veto by the late President Coolidge, the creation of farm land banks, the issuance of seed loans, the establishment of refinancing agencies, and last (but emphatically not least) the Federal Farm Board and its ghastly expenditures.

Little wonder then that the city dweller — and this includes those of the Middle West as well as the East — looks with suspicion and thinly veiled hostility at the farmer. The cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" will excite sympathy for only a limited time. Unfortunately, that sympathy is wearing thin when it is most needed. The average farmer's plight was sufficiently distressing in 1928; it is much worse to-day.

Three factors are responsible for his difficulties: ruinous crop prices, relatively high fixed charges on mortgage and note indebtedness, and high taxes in relation to income.

In the rich state of Iowa, for example, 45 per cent of the entire acreage is mortgaged, and the mortgages average $74 an acre. It is stupid to say that the farmer should not have permitted himself to incur such indebtedness. The situation exists, regardless of the wisdom that governed its creation. What it means to the farmer whose acres are mortgaged can be written in very few words: at best, grinding economy coupled with the constant fear of losing his home; at worst, foreclosure and the loss of a lifetime of effort.

The speed with which once rich farm property can shrink to nothing may be graphically illustrated by one instance. My authority is C. C. Talbot, President of the Farmers' Union of North Dakota. Talbot is now the owner of this farm, consisting of 1,280 acres, so there is no guesswork in the figures. In 1919 it was sold for $110,000, the purchaser paying down $35,000 and giving a mortgage for the remainder. In 1922 he was unable to carry on and turned back the property, forfeiting his investment. In 1930 three mortgages totaling $6,000 were placed against the farm. In March, 1932, the farmer who had tried to sell at high prices died. His mortgages were delinquent, and foreclosure and attachment proceedings were instituted by the creditors. With legal action after legal action being taken against succeeding quarter sections, Talbot wrote to the heirs of the late owner asking their price for a quitclaim deed. They had no funds with which to clear the property and offered to yield their interests for $100. Talbot paid them, paid $1,520 in back taxes, and paid the mortgage holders. When unencumbered titles to the property were turned over to him he had spent just $9,200! This for fine wheat land that has threshed 35,000 bushels in one year.

I have gone into this rather extensively because it is one reply to a question frequently asked and seldom answered: What happened to the farmer who sold at the peak instead of buying?

The Middle West is literally riddled with stories of farmers who have lost their farms or are hanging on by the proverbial eyelash. Recall that the farmer is, in every sense, a minor capitalist, and that the loss of his farm means infinitely more than losing a job. Couple that with low prices and continuing taxes and you will understand why evangelical leaders like Milo Reno can find followers among the most conservative element in the nation.

True that the "strike" called by Reno and his Farm Holiday Association was a greater

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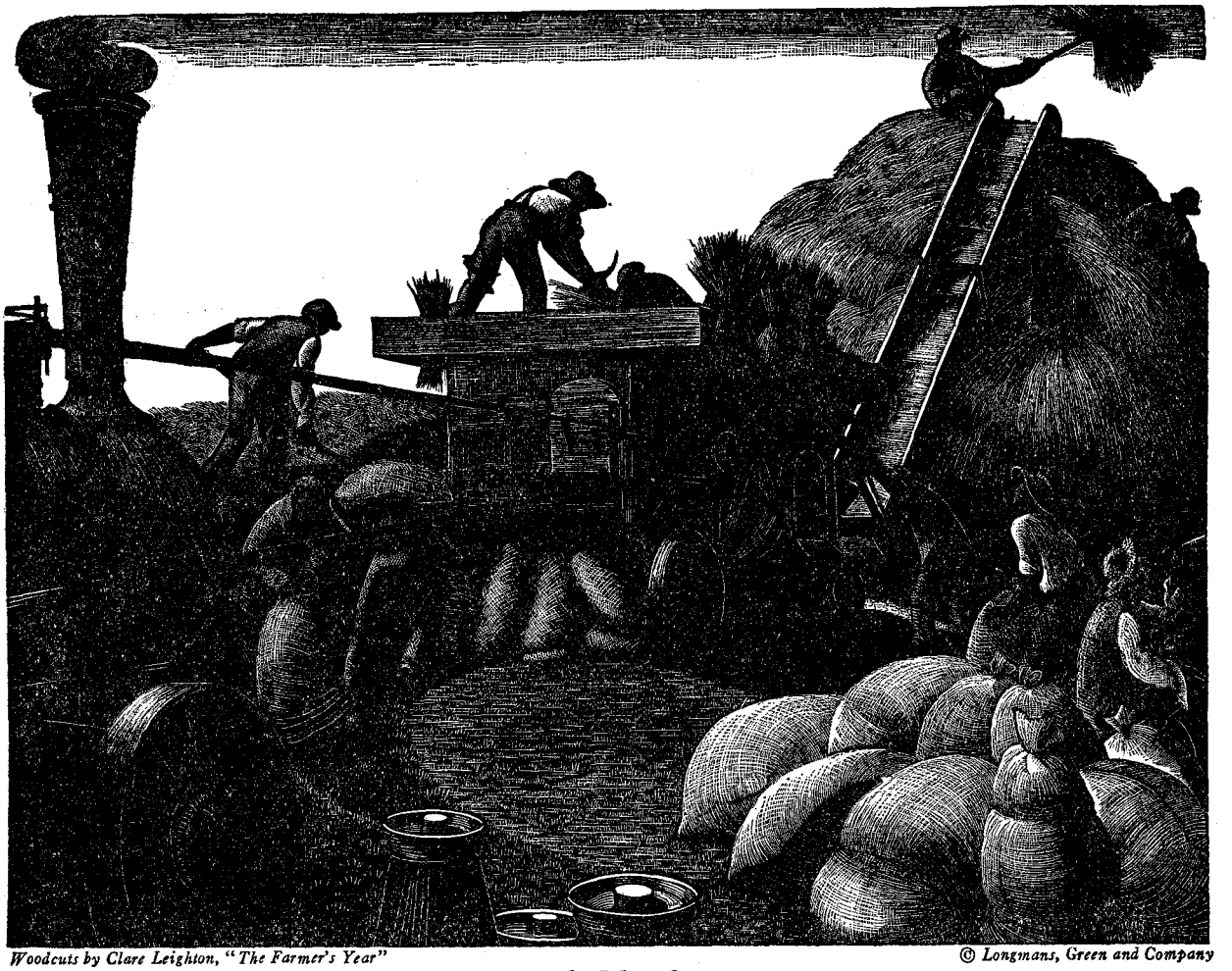

Woodcuts by Clare Leighton, "The Farmer's Year" © Longmans, Green and Company

March: Threshing

bogey in prospect than in actuality. Yet it is an indication of the temper of the Middle West.

It is impossible to give the number of Reno's followers. He himself does not know, and the estimates range from 70,000 to 100,000. Neither is it possible to give the percentage of radicals in the militant Farmers' Union. Radicals now lead this great middle-western farm organization, but the percentage of members who support them is a matter of hot dispute. I should say, after an impartial canvass, that the organization is split practically in half. Incidentally, I expect neither radicals nor conservatives to agree with this estimate.

It is one of the added misfortunes of the middle-western farmer that, at a time like this, his leaders should be at odds on the questions of policy. No such question exists, so far as I know, in the Grange. Louis Taber was recently re-elected as Master. However, the Grange has little representation in the so-called corn-and-hog belt. In that district the Farmers' Union is all-powerful. Created to control marketing through co-operatives, the Farmers' Union now has properties running into the millions. In Nebraska its annual business is second only to the Union Pacific railroad. In North Dakota its gasoline business is second only to the Standard Oil. Its executives are men whose keenness and intelligence would startle the urban dweller, accustomed to think of the farmer as an economic illiterate.

"We Want . . . Money"

President of the National Farmers' Union and leader of the radical wing is John A. Simpson of Oklahoma. Supporting him is Milo Reno, a former President of the Iowa Union. Opposed to them are such men as H. G. Keeney, President of the Nebraska Union; Cal Ward, President of the Kansas Union; C. C. Talbot, who has been mentioned earlier; and Walter Maddock, former Governor of North Dakota. Broadly, they split over the policies of President Roosevelt and Henry

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Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. The radicals insist they have been betrayed by the present Administration. The conservatives are quite willing to go along with the President until his program has had a fair trial.

The bitterness of the feeling between the two factions was evidenced in January when the Nebraska Farmers' Union met and voted to withhold funds from the national organization until a committee could investigate a proposal to withdraw from the National Farmers' Union. Simpson, who hurried to the meeting from Washington to hold the Nebraska Union in line, was sharply criticized, and a director of the Nebraska Union who is also President of the Nebraska Farm Holiday Association was removed from his Union office. However, on one basic question these men see alike: all are for inflation in one form or another.

I went to Simpson for an outline of his position. His reply (and it covers practically the entire range of his farm theories) is given below. The facts and figures are his, not mine. So are the conclusions.

"The farmers want," he said, "to have this Government treat us like other folks. Take the question of refinancing. The banker gets his money at the cost of material and the labor of printing. It works out at seven tenths of a cent. The other day the Government printed $2,000,000,000 worth of money and offered it to the bankers at one half of one per cent. The bankers refused it. The farmers want that money. The Government has loaned hundreds of millions to steamship lines for one eighth of one per cent and given them twenty years to pay. We want some of that money. European nations have settled their debts for as low as one per cent and haven't had to pay the principal. We want some of that money.

"Under the Agricultural Adjustment Act the farmer is refinanced for four and one half per cent, but it runs to five per cent with trimmings. What's more, he must buy five per cent in stock in the land bank, and that makes ten per cent the first year.

"For the crops he raises the farmer wants cost of production plus a reasonable profit. [It is well to note this closely since both Reno and the conservatives differ here with Simpson.] For twenty-five years the Government has regulated what the farmer has to buy. It has regulated railroads, it has fixed the charges at stockyards, it has fixed gas and light rates. All those rates are fixed on the basis of cost of production plus a reasonable profit. There are over 500 federal and state laws to regulate marketing, and they are all on the same basis. We want the farmer on that basis.

"As for inflation, we want the dollar down but we don't want the fool way of getting it, like buying one-dollar gold for a dollar and a half from bankers who are getting the money. That's the hard way and the awkward way. We want to remonetize silver and we don't want to issue bonds. That's criminal. If the Government's credit is good enough to run up a debt of $27,000,000,000 it's good enough to issue that much currency. It's just as sound to issue green paper that doesn't bear interest as it is to put out yellow paper that does. It's plumb silly to say it isn't.

"The American Federation of Labor says it's against cheap money. Why, in 1920 when we had three-dollar wheat at Chicago, and a dollar wouldn't buy two pounds of butter, money was so cheap everybody had a job. You couldn't go up to the manager in those days and tell him the bellboy wasn't giving service. [Our interview was in a hotel.] He didn't dare fire the bellboy. Maybe he couldn't get another. No sir, the only time everybody has a job is when money is cheap.

"President Roosevelt talks about going back to 1926 prices. They won't save us. We must have 1920 prices. We're too far in debt for dollar-and-a-half wheat and ten-cent hogs and fifteen-cent cotton to do us any good.

"And that darned old fool Bill Green [William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor] talks about a 'sound' dollar. It brought ruin on us. He's got labor fooled into thinking the NRA will save them. The NRA is just an all-day sucker given to people to keep their minds off the subject."

I pointed out that many believe the farmer not badly off when he has a shelter and food. Simpson scoffed. So, later, did Reno.

"Even the farmer who's just getting along isn't good for society," Simpson said. "He can't pay his bills and he can't buy anything. No sir, if Roosevelt doesn't go for cheap money he's whipped. Johnson [General Hugh S. Johnson, who made a speaking tour through

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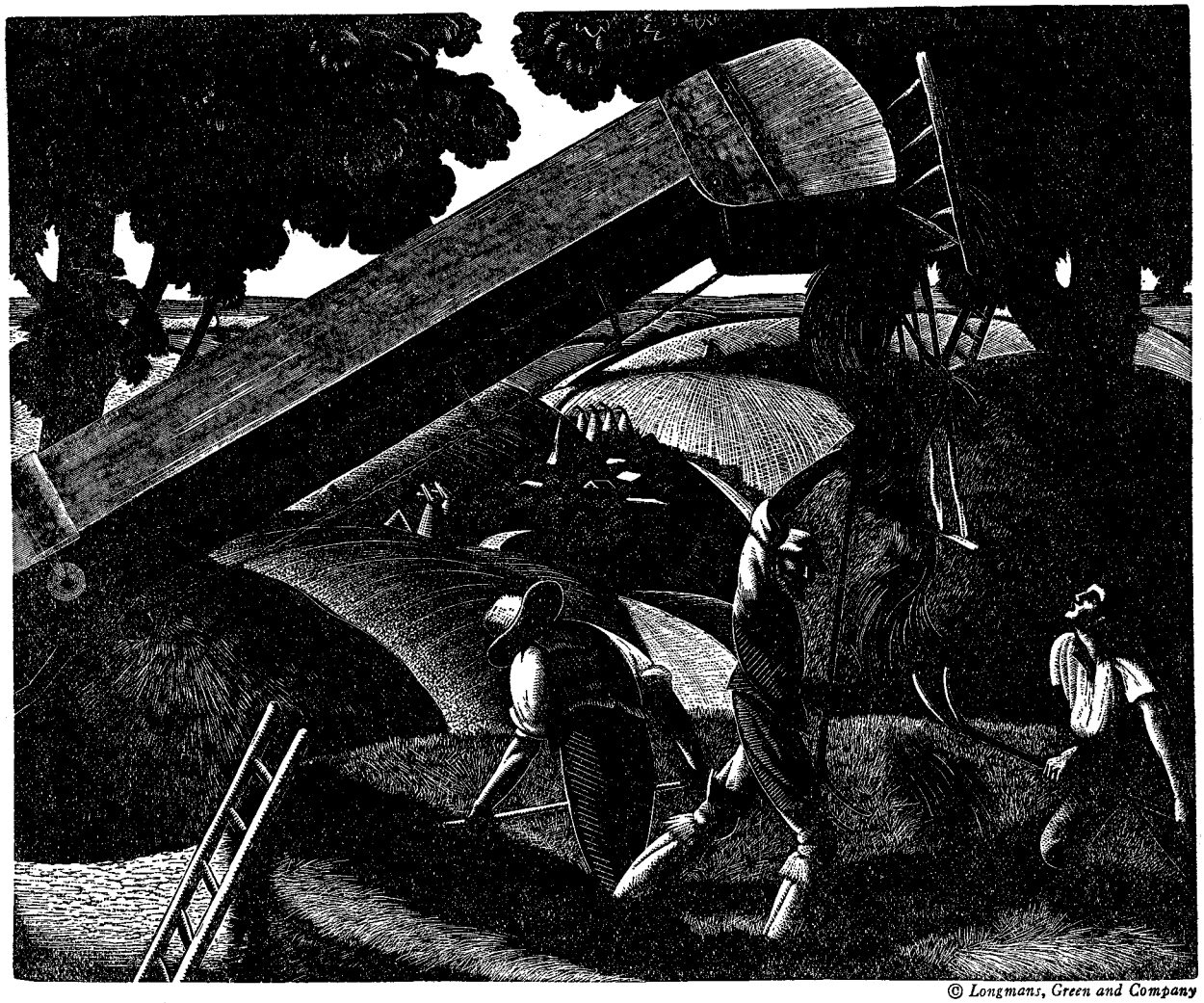

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June: Haymaking

the Middle West] says there is no opposition out here to the NRA. He says they clapped for him in Des Moines. I wrote to Roosevelt that a little over a year ago they clapped for Herbert Hoover. Those cheers were from jobholders.

"I read the other day that the President sat down to tea with J. P. Morgan. I'd sooner sit down with Al Capone. If the President deals with such fellows he's lost."

The following list of bills outlines Simpson's legislative program. Simpson presented them to President Roosevelt shortly after the Congress convened and described his visit as "very pleasant," which may mean anything and probably means nothing. It is impossible, as this is written, to attempt to say how many will be reported out for debate. They are:

The Frazier Bill, providing for government refinancing of the farmers at a rate of one and one half per cent interest.

The Swank-Thomas Bill, providing for the government regulation of farm crops on a basis whereby the farmer receives for that portion of his crop needed for domestic consumption a price not less than the cost of production, including a reasonable profit.

The Wheeler Bill, providing for the remonetization of silver.

The Thomas Bill, which gives the Government the right to issue full legal tender, non-interest-bearing currency to pay the debts of the nation, instead of issuing more interest-bearing bonds.

HARE AND HOUNDS

So much for Mr. Simpson. Later I sat with Milo Reno and summarized the foregoing policies. He nodded agreement on all but the demand for cost of production plus a reasonable profit. Reno is as vehement for the cost of production as Simpson, but he would permit

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August: Harvesting

no profit. However, his objection is more or less academic and may spring from his hatred of the word "profit," since he does allow a "salary" to the farmer under his program. Reno's plan provides further for a five-per-cent return on land investment. Under the heading of income Reno charges the farmer with rent and with whatever farm produce he may himself consume.

E. E. Kennedy, Secretary of the National Farmers' Union, has worked out a rather elaborate set of figures giving his idea of the cost of production. Two figures will suffice to suggest something of the whole: for salary the farmer is allowed $1,241.57; for corn in Nebraska he is allowed 92 cents a bushel as the unit cost of production. On the day that Kennedy issued his figures Number 2 yellow corn was selling in the Omaha market for 39 cents!

The Administration's payment of a bonus to the farmer who reduces his acreage is considered a dole by Reno. He bitterly opposes the reduction of output, on the sociological theory that there are still hungry persons in this country. It is an argument not difficult to dispute, but it is one of Reno's heavy guns in his war on the AAA. Reno, always picturesque, told Washington reporters in January that the Administration's program is "just postponing the day of reckoning" with government checks written on the taxpayers' bank account.

Unlike Simpson and Reno, the conservatives of the Farmers' Union are willing to cooperate with Henry Wallace until his program has had an opportunity to prove itself a success or a failure. Keystone of the administration's theory of proper farm relief is the adjustment of production to the market that actually exists. Wallace points out that 40,000,000 acres, many of which were submarginal land, were brought into production to meet the imperative needs of the war.

"Ever since," he told a Des Moines audience, "we have been striving desperately to produce for that foreign market which really existed only during the war period."

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The Administration's program, for which Wallace is the spokesman, seeks to retire acreage from production through voluntary agreement on the part of the farmer. For land allowed to lie fallow the farmer is paid a "rental" by the Government. In the cotton South, where the plan is already in extensive operation, rentals vary from $3 to $18 an acre. Reduction sought is from the 40,000,000 acres under cultivation last spring to 25,000,000. The abandoned 15,000,000 acres will become "rental" land. In addition, the cotton grower is to be paid not less than one cent per pound on his domestic allotment.

A similar program is in effect in the wheat belt. Up to the middle of January the Farm Administration had made payments totaling $26,977,359 to 362,897 farmers in 35 states who have agreed to cut their acreage 15 per cent this year. This represents about one third the total allotted for the wheat program.

The next great step in the Wallace program of acreage retirement must come in the corn-and-hog area. The greatest opposition to the reduction program has focused here. It is being met with a shrewd plan that lends to the farmer approximately 45 cents a bushel on his corn, but! — the farmer in return must pledge himself to an acreage reduction of not more than 20 per cent, as well as a reduction in hogs. Figures for corn loans in Nebraska reveal how rapidly the farmer is signing up. The federal lending organization alone has paid out well over $4,000,000 as this is written, and this does not include loans negotiated with banks. Improved business in the Middle West is reflecting these millions that are pouring in, and there now seems little likelihood that the corn belt will pass up the $350,000,000 promised as its share of the vast AAA program.

The corn loans will be paid off as the corn is sold, and whether or not the Government takes a loss will depend upon whether corn is selling below 45 cents. However, funds for the acreage-reduction program are being raised by processing taxes. Bluntly, they are being raised by the eventual consumer.

No man can pass judgment on this program until the next crop is harvested. Already there are whispers of "bootlegging." In the Middle West it is said many farmers of the East who have never before paid much attention to wheat will put in wheat crops and upset the delicate balance sought by the crop-reduction plan. Unquestionably the temptation is there.

That, in brief, is the program that Simpson and Reno would set aside and that the conservatives support.

"We sat in with the Administration when it framed the Agricultural Adjustment Act," former Governor Maddock told me. (Simpson was not among the conferees. He had already split with the Administration.) "We're willing to give it a chance. After all, this is no time to dynamite; it's a time to pull together."

Maddock and his colleagues believe Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said when he pledged parity prices to the farmer. To them "parity prices" (in a word, a farm dollar equal to an industrial dollar) means cost of production. They agree with Henry Wallace that the American farmer, sturdy individualist that he is, will not submit to the regulation required by a cost-of-production-plus-profit program.

Even on inflation the conservative element advises caution. It frowns on a headlong rush to the printing presses. Nevertheless, be assured of one thing: it will support and insist upon a program of inflation. The conservatives, like the radicals, feel they must have inflation to pay their debts. Frankly, they see no likelihood of those debts ever being paid without inflation.

They do not say so in as many words, but I am quite certain they believe with many farm observers that radicalism will disappear like snow under a hot sun if prosperity comes back to the farm. However, that prosperity isn't back yet, and it looks like a merry chase this spring, with Henry Wallace playing the hare to John Simpson's hounds. Keep your eye on Congress for spot news bulletins of its progress. And if what you see there disheartens you, recall what one industrial leader said recently.

"We aren't making much money, but look at all the excitement we get."

Next Month:
"Demobilizing the Army of the Unemployed,"
by Elwood Street

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A CODE FOR HOUSEWIVES

BY CATHERINE HACKETT

"I SEE THAT some fool woman has suggested an NRA code for housewives," said Henry over his morning paper. "Thinks they should have two evenings and one day a week off, or something like that. This toast is burnt."

As a housewife who some years ago gave up a good job as a reporter to take on Henry and the American Home, I am sometimes irritated at the placid way he reads me bits of news between sips of breakfast coffee. I can't give the proper attention to the political situation while I'm mopping up a pitcher of cream knocked over by young Judy or urging Tommy to finish his last bite of egg.

On this particular morning, the burned toast was the last straw which set me off.

"Yes," said I, speaking with as much dramatic intensity as possible while spooning cereal into the baby, "a good many of us housewives are tired of working all hours for nothing but our board and keep and an occasional new hat if business has been good. I am a little tired of All This myself. At this moment I feel like turning you all over to a paid housekeeper and trying to get my old job back. Or any other kind of job where the Government would see to it that I worked only forty hours a week and got a decent wage under a code."

"You seem to be feeling edgy," murmured Henry soothingly. "Why don't you go to a movie or something?"

"Movie! If that isn't just like a man," I retorted snappishly. "I've got to spend the day waiting for the plumber, who probably won't get around to us before his six-hour day under a code is over, and washing the living room curtains and making sandwiches for your poker gang and cutting out a costume for Judy to wear in the school play to-morrow. She's supposed to be a fairy, and how do I know what fairies are wearing this season?"

"Uplift brassieres and Mae West dresses, probably," suggested Henry, who reads advertisements. "Well, I've got to get down to the office to earn enough money to pay the plumber. And I do hope you won't decide to walk out on me because I like my toast brown instead of black. After all, you make excellent lemon pies."

Yes, I thought, picking up sections of morning newspaper from the floor, I make lemon pies now. I used to write articles explaining tariffs and war debts and political conferences. Suppose I had kept on with that. Or suppose I had taken that chance to join a big advertising firm or had become a buyer for a department store or a secretary in an industrial establishment, instead of becoming an Average Housewife. I would have the protecting wings of the Blue Eagle over me. I would be under a government code which guaranteed me a decent pay check and probably a forty-

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hour week and the right to organize, instead of under nothing but obligations as an Ultimate Consumer to patronize Blue Eagle stores and Buy Now.

I would begin my working day at nine by sitting down to a desk, instead of starting it at six-thirty when I find the children running the tub all over the bathroom floor because they can't decide who ought to turn the faucet. I would end it at five by going for a manicure before dinner, instead of ten or eleven when I steam the baby's cereal for the next day. I would be seeing important people and developing "contacts." As a housewife, my contacts with the outside world on a typical day are with the plumber, who insists he must tear up a large section of floor to get at a small rubber doll which has somehow got into the pipe system; the laundress, who feels that I ought to pay her more because her rent has gone up on her and bacon has riz four cents a pound; and Tommy's teacher, who needs to be told that he *is* a bright child even if he does get low marks in arithmetic, his talents being along more artistic lines.

The Joys of Homemaking

The editorial Henry had been quoting to me was still legible under a smear of butter: a brief, humorous comment on the suggestion of a woman in some distant state that housewives, numbering one third of the total working population, should organize to demand a government NRA code. Guarantee them a forty-hour week, Saturdays and Sundays off. One or two evenings a week of complete freedom from trying vainly to work through to the bottom of the family mending basket while they are being sprightly and entertaining companions for their careworn husbands. Domestic services to be paid for by a regular weekly check.

The idea, of course, had struck both the editor and Henry as an amusing play of female fancy. Men always go either humorous or sentimental on domestic problems, unless their own convenience is involved, as when they find that the children have lost their shirt studs out in the sand pile, where they were being used for pirate treasure, or that the puppy has chewed up the morning paper before breakfast. But any housewife, even the most cherished wife and mother, can occasionally be so overwhelmed by household routine plus the emergencies of child-raising that she longs desperately for the protection from exploitation given to all other workers by NRA codes or wishes she could get any other job at all. Why should the Government take it for granted that her interests are adequately protected by one lone man?

The day which followed my breakfast outburst at Henry was just the sort which, I suspect, had led the housewife of the editorial comment to suggest a code for wives and mothers. It was one of "those days" which come in every home, when everything that possibly can go wrong does. The mayonnaise I was making for the sandwiches to feed Henry's poker club got off to a good start and then suddenly, sickeningly curdled. I discovered ants in the pantry. Henry's best suit came back from the cleaner's with two buttons missing. The baby picked out the living-room rug to lose his dinner on. Judy's costume for the school play turned out four inches too short and had to be done over. The curtains got streaked when I washed them. The bedroom ceiling sprang a leak during a thunderstorm. I had to go to four grocery stores hunting ripe bananas for the children's supper. I felt exactly like the model housewife described to King Lemuel by his mother in Proverbs, who "riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household . . . is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar . . . looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," except that I didn't hear any of my children rising up to call me blessed, and Henry, when he came home, instead of praising me in the gates suggested that I hadn't made enough sandwiches for the poker club.

"Henry," I exploded, "do you realize that the average housewife spends fifty-one hours a week caring for her household? That the average infant under one year of age takes five hours and forty-one minutes' daily care by the female parent? That it would cost the average husband at least $28 a week to employ outside help to do the things his wife does which he takes as a matter of course? Those are figures from a time study of household tasks, a study in the time spent in care of babies, and a study

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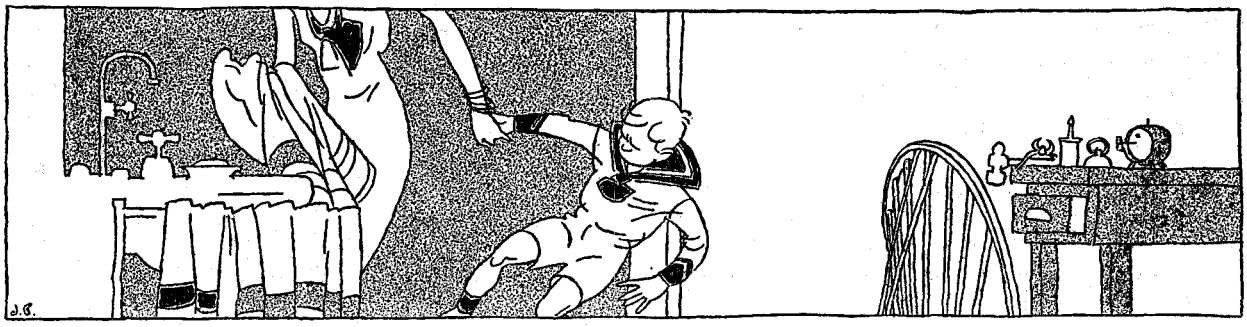

on Woman's Economic Contribution in the Home, made by the U. S. Bureau of Home Economics. They're scientific and official."

"So what?" asked Henry, mildly surprised.

"So housewives need a domestic code to protect them from exploitation by their husbands," said I. "And if we don't get shorter hours and bigger wages, either through a code as in the case of the NRA or through individual action as in the case of Henry Ford, aren't we justified in getting jobs outside the home and turning our domestic tasks over to paid housekeepers?"

"Or you could spread employment among women by legalizing a national system of morganatic wives, so to speak — allowing each husband two shifts of working wives," suggested Henry. "But I can quote you something else. In the most complete study ever made of the whole subject, by the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, a committee of experts concluded that 'homemaking is composed of routine household tasks and judicious, imaginative management.' You may feel like a day laborer when you're washing dishes but when you're keeping the family budget balanced you're a manager, an executive. They don't come under NRA codes."

"Well, if I have many more days like to-day, I'll get myself a job outside from nine till five, and you can get a housekeeper to take my place here," I retorted. "Only she'd never remember the way I do that she has to keep bananas in the fruit bowl because you want one every night before you go to bed, and that you like pickle instead of mustard in your ham sandwiches."

The Silver Lining

But the next day — ah, the next day was another day. The baby was all over his cold. Nobody spilled cream at the breakfast table. Judy came home from school ecstatically happy over compliments on her costume. I found out that I had saved enough by cutting down the grocery bills to buy new linoleum for the nursery. Henry called up from the office to tell me that he had put over a big deal, and I could get a new winter coat after all. Suddenly the American Home seemed like a pretty good place, and I was glad I was in charge of it. Perhaps, after all, the whole complicated business of world trade and government and finance and politics with which I no longer had any contact at all was going on just so I could have a home to do as I liked in, where Henry could come home in the evening and do as he liked, and the children could grow up and have good times.

Even the people who came to the door were no longer irritating interruptions in a busy day, but funny, sad, or dramatic human beings. A cross section of the population came to me as I puttered about my household tasks; national issues took shape at my kitchen door. There was unemployment, in the person of a middle-aged man with the ruins of a small business behind him and the sad realization in his tired eyes that, speak he ever so confidently of the merits of Wonder-All-Purpose Cleaning Paste, I would never, never buy a can at the special introductory price of twenty-five cents. Politics arrived — an amiable ward politician, touchingly interested in the health of the children, tactfully suggesting that Mr. Hoozlegump deserved my consideration as candidate for alderman. Economics, in the person of a crisp young student making a social survey for her next paper, wanted to know how many children of school age I had, and do we regularly save part of our income? Business, typified by a book agent who ought to go far in the world for thinking up the line, "Oh, *you* are the Lady of

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the House? I thought you were the daughter!" There was an aged woman selling dreadful paper flowers to support, oddly enough, her four very young children. There was a society matron doing her bit for charity by soliciting contributions for the Community Chest. Human contacts? Where, in any job-under-a-code, would I have so many or such varied ones?

Walk out on the American Home because of long working hours and no wages — on a day like this? I recalled a woman I once heard of, who on one of "those days" firmly determined to Leave it All Behind, including her husband. He wasn't unkind and he always remembered birthdays and anniversaries, but she was just fed up with cleaning and cooking and mending for him, and he taking it all for granted. So after much mental anguish, she packed her suitcase and wrote the appropriate note to leave on the dresser. Then she remembered that the laundry would be coming back at noon and she decided to delay her break for the larger life until it was checked and put away. She finished that and was looking up afternoon trains when she recalled that the gas company was sending a man to repair the kitchen range. After she had supervised that job and was putting on her hat to catch a late train, came the gardener to plant rose bushes she had ordered last week. She had just time, after seeing that they were properly placed, to unpack the suitcase and tear up the note before her husband came home with, of all things, a duck he'd picked up at the market for to-morrow's dinner. You simply can't go off and leave a perfectly good duck raw in the icebox. The next day she was feeling much better and never left home at all.

The thing which happened to this housewife was what prevents all us fifty-one-hour-a-week, ungainfully employed housewives from walking out after one of "those days" because there is no code for us. A lot of things had come up which only she could manage. She had to inspect the laundry carefully to see whether the laundress had taken her warnings to heart or would have to be fired. No one else could explain to the repair man just how devilishly the stove had been acting of late. No one else would know the exact spots to plant the new rose bushes. And certainly no one else would know just what kind of seasoning George liked in the stuffing for the duck: no onion and lots of sage.

Consciously or not, she had realized that she was indispensable to her own family; that it was the one place in the world where she *was* indispensable. The feeling gets lost sometimes on days when the "routine household tasks" overbalance the "judicious, imaginative management" side of housekeeping. I know that under the Watsonian theory almost any trained expert can care for a child more efficiently than his own mother. The model house, equipped 100 per cent with the latest electrical gadgets, could be cleaned and operated by anyone with a grammar-school education and normal reflexes. But what expert, without years of training in my particular family, would know that little trick I use to get the baby to finish his milk? Who else could restore Judy's shaken belief in a just and stable universe when a cold keeps her from going to a long-anticipated Halloween party? Who else would know by a sort of instinct the times when Henry needs to be told that he was certainly the most distinguished looking man at the party; certainly he isn't losing his hair — it's just that he has a nice high forehead; and he plays a very good game of bridge even if his partner had made some critical remarks — she acts that way toward anyone she happens to be playing with.

Suppose, now, there were an NRA code for housewives, ardently desired by all twenty-eight million of us on those bad days. Probably Saturdays and Sundays off, and one evening a week to do what we pleased, with paid

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outside help taking our places. But perhaps the baby has a speck of temperature on Saturday morning — would I turn her over to any paid helper, no matter how expert? Perhaps I haven't finished the new dress I promised Judy for Easter Sunday-school services — would I leave at the end of my forty-hour week, and let her appear at Sunday school in her faded old pink one, feeling that although God might see the sparrow's fall he had deserted her at a critical time? What if I am preparing to take my legal night off, leaving Henry to dine on canned salmon, and he telephones that the manager is coming out to dinner, and won't I wear my blue lace dress, because we should make an impression on him? It's just up to me to make a soufflé out of inspiration and scraps of cheese and to look so stylish and charming that the manager will realize it would be a social asset to the firm to take Henry into partnership. Perhaps a code would give me the right to demand a weekly pay check, a stated proportion of Henry's wages every Saturday night, and one week I realize that that check would mean he couldn't get a new tuxedo for the club smoker.

Sentimental Individualism

Here, heaven help me, I've gone sentimental about homemaking. I've forgotten all about the statistics on long hours and the preponderance of grubby, routine tasks. Maybe I do *need* a code, I admit, surveying my hands chapped from polishing the flat silver, my hair which hasn't had a wave since the last dinner party, my face a little weathered because I am always too sleepy by bedtime to do the proper things to it — maybe I do *need* a code, but I don't *want* one. I wouldn't use it if I had it.

Not after a day when I have taken the children for their annual inspection by the family doctor and realized that there is a connection between their strong muscles and bright eyes and my fifty-one-hour working week.

Not after I've done over the spare bedroom with dabs of paint I found in the basement, contemplating the result with something of the feeling Whistler must have had when he finished his Peacock room — extraordinary, but his own creation.

Not after I've sat up nights making new curtains, and miraculously they fit the windows; and the intricate system of rods and pulleys which it took me hours to put together actually works, just as I'd hoped but never really expected.

Not after a day when I have kicked over the household routine by letting dust rest undisturbed on the furniture while I spent the morning in the garden in the company of early crocuses and cutworms.

Not after a day when I felt experimental and foolish and devised an outlandish costume of an old sweater, bathing trunks, and tennis shoes for doing the housework in; and the children descended on me with hoots and guffaws; and we all sat down and ate our lunch picnic fashion on the floor, because we were tired of the conventional table-and-chair method, and ended by throwing cherry stones at each other.

Not after a day when I made the most delectable salad out of literally nothing but remnants from the refrigerator and realized that there can be fun even in thriftily making odds and ends into something new — the kind of fun Michelangelo must have had when he saw the surprise of the Florentines over his David, chiseled out of a piece of waste marble that had been lying around for years because no other sculptor saw any possible way of using it.

There are compensations in this thing of homemaking. Home is the one place where you can throw over routine under an irresistible urge. Where you can experiment and be unconventional and do things your own way. Of course it is hard work, and my pay, for instance, varies from a new coat and a set of silk undies, when Henry has had a good month, to a plaintive "Old girl, we'll have to cut all the bills down for the next month, but I know you can do it," when business has gone into the red. But somehow I appreciate that confidence as much as I do the new clothes. It is, after all, a small world which depends on me, and what matters a fifty-one-hour week if I can keep that world running smoothly and happily? I couldn't do it under a code.

I suspect that the housewife who first suggested a domestic code feels this way about it too — in between the times when the baby spills a cup of milk on her best dress, and George complains that the roast is altogether too brown.

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MAN'S ELECTRIC BRAIN

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

A FEW DAYS ago I was exploring the book section of a very large department store, with special interest in finding what scientific books were on display. There were two counters given up to what by a generous definition might be called science. One counter had above it the words, "Domestic Science," and the other "Psychology and Philosophy"; kitchen science and drawing-room science in fact. Most of the books included in the first category were devoted to the re-educating of the American palate to the proper appreciation of genuine alcoholic compounds; most of those in the second could have been as accurately grouped beneath that hideous but popular mongrel word, sexology. There was no counter for physics nor for biology nor for any other branch of exact knowledge; the one which a year ago had groaned beneath the weight of Jeans, Eddington, and Whitehead was now given over to books on the real meaning of money.

Psychology as it is understood in drawing rooms consists almost entirely of this sexology and handy guides to bringing up children in an environment hopelessly unsuited to them; in consequence it is certainly the most popular of all the sciences. And yet it is doubtful how far it is a science at all; certainly in so far as it may claim to be one, it must be admitted to be the most difficult. That we think we understand it at all is due to the delightful language in which people have written about it. Consider for a moment William James—a far better artist with words than his brother Henry—capable of writing about the most difficult things in a way which makes the reader certain that he understands. Take a phrase such as "the stream of consciousness"; you cannot read what James has to say about it without feeling that you know a great deal more about your mental processes than before, for James was a poet. Now the poets add to our knowledge by the use of similes and metaphors; they tell us that life is a dream, and we are wiser about life than we were; but we are as ignorant as ever about biology. For metaphors cannot enlighten us scientifically; and the psychology of William James is largely metaphor.

And then came Freud; if you listen in drawing rooms you will discover that Freud told us that our mind is a sort of two-storied house, and that the lower story is a gloomy ill-smelling cellar, out of which cockroaches emerge through a trapdoor; but that over this trapdoor a being called a censor stands guard and knocks each cockroach on the head as soon as it appears and closes the trap on it; but that at night these same cockroaches put on masks, and the censor, failing to recognize them in their disguises, passes them through. Our dreams are the masquerade of these cockroaches.

I do not suggest that Freud actually teaches that such a structure exists within the human skull, but by use of these picturesque metaphors he has managed to spread his doctrines far and wide. He himself of course knows that they are metaphors, but his readers forget it. Because of the pictures and similes, they imagine they know more than they do. And because of their general charm, there is a counter devoted to "Psychology and Philosophy," upon which there are very few of the really scientific works on psychology.

Meanwhile the physiological psychologists, the men who use no metaphors at all, have gone on their way in comparative obscurity; not even the Nobel prize award has found Sherrington and Adrian a place on the drawing-room table. And yet few discoveries are more delightful and surprising than those with which we associate the second of these two names.

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The Human Telegraph

It has often been said that the history of the growth of scientific knowledge is the same as the history of the invention of ever more accurate and more powerful instruments. Sometimes the instrument that has thrown great light on a problem was invented for a quite different task. So it has been with the instrument that most of us call a radio tube. When Professor Adrian connected up the fiber of a nerve in a cat's foot to an amplifying set he was doing something that the inventors of vacuum tubes had not foreseen. But from this unforeseen application came a great increase of non-metaphorical knowledge of what goes on in our brains.

For years scientists had wanted to see whether any electrical results took place when a nerve was stimulated; for it had long been known that if a frog's legs, for example, were connected to an electric current they would leap about; and this naturally suggested that perhaps normal stimulation of nerves had something to do with electrical disturbances. But no instrument existed powerful enough to show whether there was any substance in this guess.

Modern methods of amplification have altered this. When the nerve from a cat's toe is severed at the ankle, and the end connected to amplifying tubes and recording instruments, it is found that the flexing of the cat's toe sets up a rhythmical electric disturbance which is carried along the nerve fibers and recorded in the instruments. Further experiments show that any stimulation of an organ of sense sets up these electrical disturbances, and that the message sent to the brain is indeed nothing at all except such a disturbance. In short, sensation is a current of electricity. Our nerve ends literally and not metaphorically telegraph messages to the brain.

We can describe what happens quite simply. In the tip of our finger are thousands of little bodies buried in the skin and consisting of a small group of cells arranged in a given way. Whenever one of these is touched by a foreign body the electrical equilibrium in it is upset, and this upset is conducted along the nerve fibers to which it is attached, until it reaches the brain or one of the many exchanges situated in various parts of the body. A pinch, a kiss, a sunset, a sweet taste, a symphony, the scent of a rose — all these are known by the human brain only after they have been turned into a current of electricity and conducted along wires called nerve fibers from the surface of the body to the central nervous system. Our whole knowledge of the outside world is very indirect, having had first to be transformed, through whatever sense it may have been gathered, into electricity. Before we know anything about the scent of the rose, the symphony, or the kiss they have each and all been turned by our nervous system into electricity. Apparently there is no inherent difference between the electric current which finally becomes known as a sound and the one which ends up as a vision. The difference is purely anatomical and dependent on the position of the organs in the body. If the wires got crossed — we do not yet know enough to extract the truth from the metaphor in such a sentence — the symphony might appear in a man's mind as a series of bright colors, and the kiss as a melody. Indeed there are many phenomena which suggest that there can be a leakage of some sort from one sense to another.

Where Does Consciousness Begin?

The most interesting experiment so far done is perhaps that of Messrs. Wever and Bray upon the auditory nerve. Having severed the auditory nerve from its connections with the central nervous system, they connected it by means of electrodes with several radio vacuum tubes and thence with telephones. They then discovered that whatever was spoken into the ear could be heard accurately in the telephones so that "clearly something was acting as an efficient microphone, translating the sound oscillations in the cochlea into electrical oscillations in the circuit leading to the amplifier."

It is certainly a very astonishing thing at first sight to see that whatever goes on in the brain when we hear sounds is very much like a person listening in to a microphone and receiving set. And we must be careful to avoid forming a picture which is as untrue a description of facts as Freud's two-storied house. However, it is much more than a metaphor that the experiment reveals; it is a fact that our

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sense of hearing works by changing sound waves beating onto our eardrum or diaphragm into electrical oscillations, and that it is not *like* a microphone, it *is* a microphone.

In other experiments the same workers showed that if, instead of connecting up the circuit with the auditory nerve, the electrodes were put into that part of the brain known as the auditory region, sounds could still be heard through the telephones, but nothing like so clearly. Instead of sounds up to five thousand waves per second, only those up to about one thousand could be heard. The result was that a human voice could still be distinguished, but not the words themselves.

Apart from other implications, this set of experiments goes to prove that whatever goes on in the brain itself, as distinct from what goes on in the sensory nerves, is of the same electrical nature. It is, however, very difficult to do any research along these lines within the mass of the brain, because, although electrical disturbances of all sorts can be picked up there and amplified, it is impossible to insulate one from another or to tell from what particular part of the brain they are coming. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that, when the brain has sampled and sorted the messages coming in from the senses, it acts upon them by setting up precisely the same electrical disturbances along the motor nerves. For just as a radio amplifying circuit can be used to tap the messages from the sense organs up their connected nerve fibers, so it can be used to tap the discharges down the motor nerves which produce action in the muscles of the body. Thus we are beginning to get an understandable diagram of how the living organism collects its knowledge of the external world and translates it into necessary action. At present the gaps are greater than the parts filled in. We are as far as ever from being able to explain consciousness. That remains the chief difference between the microphone and the listening human being: that the microphone is none the wiser for the oscillations passing through it. We shall never learn along this line of approach anything about the relationship of brain to mind: whether they are two or one or two natures in one substance or any of the other philosophical possibilities. We have to be content with clear knowledge of the sensation-collecting process and of the action producing purpose and very vague guesses about the intermediate thought process, with its wonderful by-products of memory and imagination and reasoning and the rest.

The Slowly Building Structure

But what we have got is of the utmost importance, in spite of its limited nature. Once more we see how few different kinds of bricks are required for the building of the universe, including life itself. The raw materials of thought turn out to be the same flowing electrons that are a sufficient explanation for so many of the problems of the non-biological world. No new mysterious entity is required to explain how the nerve fiber conveys the details of the world outside to the living mind within. Atoms and molecules passing their electrons from one to another according to electromagnetic laws — that explains as much of human sensation as it does of a thunderstorm.

The hope of science is that some day a completely logical structure may be built from the ultimate units of matter — protons and electrons or whatever they may turn out to be — to the supreme works of art coming from the human mind. In this structure each successive step will be explicable in terms of what has gone before, without adding new elements but simply by arranging the original ones in more and more complicated ways. Huge gaps still remain in this structure and often at the most vital and interesting points. We therefore fill up these gaps with temporary structures — guesses, little bridges made of metaphors — logical units whose parts fit together fairly well, though as a whole they are floating in air, not being logically tied to the main structure at either end. Freudian psychology is just one of these temporary structures, valuable for the time being, foreshadowing in cardboard (it may be) a good deal of what will later be seen in the solid permanency, but not a part of the main building of logical science. On the other hand these experiments which help us to see the mechanism of nervous processes in terms of something simpler are far more lasting. It is true that they throw very little light on sexology or on the bringing up of unfortunate modern children, but after all that has never been the main objective of science.

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ENGLISH YOUTH ON THE ROAD

BY JEANETTE CLARKE DICKIE

Symbol of the YHA

While sun still shines and wind still blows,
His back can bear the load —
Light pocket and light heart he goes,
Youth upon the road.

Plain living and scant pence shall keep
Sweet laughter in their code,
Sound at the day's end shall he sleep,
Youth upon the road.

TOMFOOL

THE NAZI YOUTH MOVEMENT of which we hear so much to-day started long before the war, in 1911, as a purely social and nature-seeking movement. Students and young workers went off into the countryside in bands, in a spontaneous effort toward natural activities: walking, bicycling, and boating. As the movement grew the young people drew up their own regulations and restrictions, which barred alcohol, disorderly conduct, and tobacco. In a very short time the movement had grown to such proportions that national agencies gave it official recognition. These youths and girls were called Wanderers. With the aid of national support, overnight accommodations were provided. At first the rudest of dwellings were utilized, until now, more than twenty-two years after the inception of the movement, large, clean, and well-kept facilities are at the disposal of the Wanderers. Germany in 1931 accommodated 4,300,000 youths for nights' lodgings. After the war, with economic conditions unfavorable, with students and young people unemployed the Youth Movement not only increased in strength but also took on a political aspect. Thus to-day the powerful Nazi organization derives much of its support and force from German youth, organized nearly a quarter of a century ago for the purpose of getting out into the country.

The Youth Hostel Association in Germany is absolutely non-partisan in religion and politics: anyone arriving with a rucksack is welcome. Therefore the organization as such is neither a pro-Nazi nor an anti-Nazi group. Let this be clearly understood. The movement, however, did enable the young people, by closer contact with each other, to crystallize their ideas and opinions regarding national economic and political matters, and there can be little doubt that the Youth Hostel movement, by bringing them together as wanderers, fostered thereby a powerful political force.

In almost every country of major importance in the world there has grown up a political youth movement of some sort. In Russia the youth is trained, organized, and educated to follow the dictates of communism under Stalin. In Germany we find bands of young people, thousands strong, organized in every city and village under the Hitler régime. The youth movement under Mussolini is the oldest of these. For ten years the Italian dictator has trained and educated the young to believe in

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fascism. And Europe is not alone in the development of such movements. In China democratic ideals about the freedom of China and of the Chinese as individuals and of the equality of men and women pervade the minds of the Chinese youth. In Cuba students are constantly rising to sound their voices in the political reorganization of their country. In India, too, youth is making itself heard.

II

In a world of growing collectivism, in a world in which uniformity is becoming more and more widespread, England, France, and the United States are alone. It is primarily for this reason that these countries are lacking in youth movements. The young Frenchman of to-day remains strongly marked with individualism in spite of the efforts of organized groups to replace that characteristic. France from time immemorial has believed that history is made, not by mass action and collective thinking, but by individuals. And therefore to-day we find no movement unifying the French youth. The Italian youths consider the French outdated and decrepit. No attempt is made by the Italian, German, or Russian youth to find a bond with the French or the English or the American. The first group is striving to develop a collective consciousness as opposed to the individualism of the second.

The United States has no real youth movement. While it is true that American young people are thinking about such subjects as atheism, communism, socialism, internationalism, nevertheless there is no unity of program, no unity of opinion, and therefore no youth movement.

Of all these countries, England stands apart. England has been a nation renowned for its greatness in all fields — a greatness which suffered its most serious economic defeat in 1931. England's greatness lay, not only in her power and her ability to profit, but largely in her attitude. In spite of the rap of 1931, the English people, youth included, is maintaining its standard of greatness, maintaining that attitude of ease and calm which most peoples have lost in the midst of economic and social upheaval.

It is significant to note that England has followed the example of Germany by establishing a Youth Hostel Association, helping the young particularly to a greater knowledge of and concern for the outdoors. In June, 1931, this movement, referred to as the YHA, began. Economic conditions were at the lowest ebb; many of the dwellers in the great industrial cities could not afford a week-end or a holiday in the country. Those who had automobiles were more fortunate; in England a motor car is more expensive to buy and to run than in America. But at best the autoist has made no healthy exertion of his own; he has had no exercise. Motoring stands in relation to walking or bicycling as watching a football game to playing football — a poor substitute, though better than nothing. Furthermore the automobile must stick to the road, and each year the roads are becoming more like the towns, with building and advertising along the way. To be at one with nature one must leave the roads and tramp across the fields and the moors, follow perhaps the paths of the old Roman roads or the Pilgrims' Way from Winchester to Canterbury.

Youth in England must have the opportunity to enjoy the country, to leave behind it the cities with their stone walls, narrow streets, and factories, and to escape from the routine of its daily work and its studies. It must see and experience the many-colored world of nature, and, above all, its wanderings must bring it health. This is the one recreation in which everyone can and should take part. And now England, like Germany, is covered with a network of Youth Hostels. All kinds of buildings from cowsheds to castles were begged, borrowed, or bought and equipped simply so that young folk could be supplied with bed, blankets, and cooking and washing facilities for an inclusive charge which would be as low as possible. The hostels are located in the most beautiful parts of the country. After a long day of walking or cycling in the fresh air the young wanderers find good and simple accommodations and the companionship of congenial persons. The cost is so low that a tour of this kind is not beyond the smallest means. The yearly subscription for membership is but $1.25 for those over twenty-five years of age and about sixty cents for those under twenty-five. The charge at all hostels is twenty-five cents per night. At almost all of them breakfast and supper can be

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purchased for between twenty-five and thirty-five cents. A two-week holiday can be made at a maximum cost of between $18 and $20; indeed some YHA members commonly travel on as little as eighty-five to ninety cents a day.

The practical necessities include, of course, cheap lodgings and simple accommodations, but this is not all. The YHA aims for health of body and of mind, for an increased enjoyment of the English countryside and English historical spots, for the preservation of the natural beauty of the country, and for the re-enforcement of public opinion against ugly buildings and hideous advertisements. The movement hopes to attain a simple standard of living, an opportunity for the young particularly, although not exclusively, to get away from the hurried, superficial, and expensive mode of life in which industrial civilization has entangled the world.

The rules of the Association are few, because the directors intend to rely for the maintenance of a standard of behavior not so much on disciplinary powers but rather on the *esprit de corps* of the new-won freedom of youth. The rules are as simple as the hostels themselves. There is no service, self-help being the motto of the young travelers. Order and good behavior are insisted upon. If the regulations are not strictly obeyed, the warden of the hostel will retain the membership card, and membership is automatically lost. The hostels must be left clean and scrupulously tidy. All tasks of tidying up are put on a communal basis. Those who cannot obey these simple rules and who cannot co-operate with the ideals of the YHA are not fit for hostel life.

III

THIS MOVEMENT has another contribution to make in promoting a better understanding between younger people of different classes, opinions, and nationalities. Young people representing every shade of opinion — students, artisans, tradespeople, clerks, scholars from every kind of school, girls as well as boys come together. All have the same aim, to enjoy the out-of-doors with the natural enthusiasm of youth. Arrangements are made whereby youths of other countries are welcome. Surely there is no greater safeguard against strife in the future, whether international or industrial, than the deep-seated friendship between different kinds of people which can be begun in the freedom of the open air. Often last summer, as we cycled through England as YHA members, this very point was discussed. Of all the English youth to whom I talked not one failed to mention the value of the contacts made in this casual and congenial way. And the spirit of comradeship and informality prevails to make these newly won acquaintanceships lasting.

What are Youth Hostels in England like? Many of them are extremely fine buildings providing spacious common rooms, sleeping dormitories, and cooking and washing facilities. There are few new buildings; old and historic structures have been used almost exclusively because of their inexpensiveness. But regardless of size or age the hostels are always clean, the only exception to this (to my knowledge) being one in Northumbria apparently not frequently used. Each hostel offers bed and blankets. Each hostel is in charge of a warden who is a firm supporter of the purposes of the YHA and understands the people who travel under its auspices. In cases of illness or emergency of any kind he will be of invaluable assistance. We were caught one Saturday in the English Lake District with exactly nine shillings — a punctured tire had delayed us in getting to a bank. It was the August Bank Holiday week-end, which meant that the banks would not open until ten o'clock Tuesday morning. Not having booked at any hostel for the whole week-end, we did not know where we would stay, but the warden at Borrowdale Hostel, even though filled up for the week-end, gladly set up special accommodations and trusted us until Tuesday for the money we owed her.

Quite accidentally, earlier in the summer, while staying at a typical tourist hotel in a small English village, I had seen an attractive old mill with a YHA sign outside. Boys and girls in shorts and walking shoes, some with bicycles, with rucksacks on their backs, flocked inside. It was at the end of day, when these young travelers were turning in for the night after wandering through England's countryside, perhaps in Kent, on the Sussex downs, or about prehistoric Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire. With some timidity I ventured inside, to find these young pioneers eating supper

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at a long wooden table in the common room. Immediately, the warden, Joey Hitchcock, the most amiable and hospitable of hosts, welcomed me. For hours we chatted on the subject of the new youth movement. Before the evening was over I had decided to get a bicycle of my own and follow the trail myself.

Every hostel is provided with adequate washing places and separate dormitories for boys and girls. In the common room, the young wanderers assemble for reading and writing, playing, and eating meals. Here are community singing, conversation about every subject on earth, and games of all sorts. In the kitchen some of the travelers prepare their own meals, but the warden cooks for those who have more money or less skill in cooking than the rest. The greatest importance is attached to cleanliness and hygiene. There is a separate bed for every person, and each guest must use a simple kind of sleeping bag instead of bed linen. This can be procured from the Association and can be carried from place to place, or a fresh one can be hired at each hostel for a few pence.

Every hostel is supplied with a library of varying sorts; often a victrola; and an Ordnance Survey map of the surrounding territory, giving details on mileage, elevation, and roads. Anyone with a rucksack, either walking or cycling, is welcome; motorists are forbidden. Many walk, but the greater number cycle on either push-bikes or tandems. All young travelers hail each other on the road. Frequently we met young married couples taking their holiday on a tandem with a side car attached for the baby.

In three years' time, membership in the YHA has reached a peak of approximately 30,000. In 1932, there were 17,000 members, and 78,067 bed-nights were provided in 132 hostels. In 1933, the membership had increased almost fifty per cent (an incomplete figure), the number of hostels had increased to 180, and the number of bed-nights provided had increased in proportion.

Of what significance is this movement in England to-day? If its very existence, its methods, and aims can be compared with the original German youth movement, we can discern the seed of a real English parallel. The English have adopted not only the same principles but the same practical details, including the name, as the German Youth Hostel Association. The English youth movement began as a social and nature-seeking organization; so did the German. Is there not perhaps reason to believe that the youth of England, provided with this means of contact and comradeship, may develop into a militant band striving for political and economic causes, for its own rights as a group in the economic structure of the country? England stands out to-day as one of the few countries upholding individualism as against collectivism; how long can it last with English youth on the road? Will not the time come when English youth sees that individual solutions will not solve its problems? The economic structure of England, while being steadily and calmly bolstered up, is nevertheless in a vulnerable spot. If it were not, the Youth Hostel movement would never have started. As yet, the movement has taken on no political force; perhaps it never will. The strength of any youth movement varies in accordance with the extent of change from old conditions in the country as a whole. Even in England conditions have changed: the usual deference to the King is lacking in English youth; the desire, even the willingness to go to war is gone. Are not these significant changes? Are these not seeds of a potential new order?

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ONE MORE HERO

A Sketch

BY EDWIN CORLE

BLUEBIRD sits in front of the general store in a little Mojave Desert town and smokes cigarettes. He consumes two packs a day and sometimes more. Apparently his only occupation is to sit and smoke, and certainly he enjoys it.

Bluebird is a Mojave Indian, and he is about as silent as the desert. He doesn't get any fun out of conversation so naturally enough he avoids it. It is a lot more fun for him to sit and smoke and brush ashes off his shirt than it is for him to try to do something else. Once in a while a passing tourist will stop his car in the sweltering sunshine and ask Bluebird a question. The tourist's questions are all of a pattern. He may ask how hot it is, or what the name of Bluebird's home town may be. And then Bluebird is happy. He smiles and continues to smoke and pays no attention to the questions at all. It gives him great glee to be able to do this, and his day is incomplete if he is not able to ignore at least one or two unnecessary inquiries.

The average touring motorist resents Bluebird's conduct. He knows nothing about Indians and he has no idea of how to talk to the more approachable of them, much less Bluebird. When Bluebird smiles, the tourist anticipates an answer. And when it is not forthcoming, and he realizes that Bluebird has not the slightest intention of answering, his attitude of amiability turns to resentment. He has been ignored by an Indian, and he considers it a gross insult. He usually stalks away and buys gasoline from the filling station and is surly to the attendant in order to make his egotism feel better.

Bluebird is really enjoying it all. But he does nothing, and in time the smile vanishes, and he continues to sit and smoke and brush ashes off his shirt. He does this not because of any great concern for the shirt but because he has pinned to his breast a decoration for valor, the Distinguished Service Cross. Bluebird doesn't know exactly what it means, but it is pretty and it was a gift from a great white chief, and he is very proud of it. He won't allow cigarette ashes to defile it.

But in spite of his consistent silence there is a way of getting a word or two out of this fixture. And that is to look at him and his decoration very casually and say, "Hello, Bluebird, what have you got there?" He won't be able to answer this in a hurry, but he won't resent the question. In fact, he will respect it. He grins as usual, and the questioner, putting two and two together, concludes that Bluebird saw service in the American Expeditionary Force.

"How did you like the war, Bluebird? How did you like the Germans?"

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"Good time," says Bluebird, and he grins more than ever.

"What did you do in France, Bluebird? Who gave you this nice cross?"

"France pretty damn nice," says Bluebird. "Nice place."

"Did you like the war?"

"Sure."

"Have fun?"

"Sure."

"Kill some Germans?"

"Sure."

"Get wounded?"

There is a long silence that apparently is to go on indefinitely.

"Did you get wounded, Bluebird? Shot?"

"Nice war," says Bluebird. "Lots of noise."

"Who gave you the cross?"

"General," says Bluebird.

"General who?"

"General," insists Bluebird.

"General Washington?"

"Sure," says Bluebird, "General."

"Well some day, Bluebird, you'll have to tell me all about the war."

"Sure," says Bluebird.

"Here, have one of my cigarettes."

"Sure."

Bluebird takes the cigarette and enjoys it. He enjoys it so much that he forgets all about the war. The war is over, and it is up to Bluebird's guest to have the good sense to know it. So he says good-bye to Bluebird, who is now his friend and who will be truly glad to see him again.

II

BUT WHAT Bluebird did in the war, and how he won his decoration is something that one can never learn from Bluebird. There is a tradition about it, and probably the story is more than half true. Bluebird himself doesn't know very much about it. It is just another detail in his entire army experience and is not as outstanding in his memory as the vast quantity of cigarettes he has consumed or as vivid an experience as his first contact with a shower bath.

A few of the local people keep the exploits of Bluebird alive. But all of his early experiences are lost, and his war biography seems to begin near Cantigny in 1918, when he first saw action. Being an Indian, he didn't like to fight in an orderly manner under a military system. He wanted to fight as he saw fit and to make all his decisions for himself. An advance or a retreat didn't mean much to Bluebird, and, once under fire, he forgot everything he had been taught and acted entirely by instinct.

His company had advanced slowly in back of a barrage, and when the barrage stopped they ran into a counter-attack. That stopped the advance, and the action got pretty hot. It was a skirmish that became a hand-to-hand engagement, and Bluebird found himself in the thick of it. Just what he did at the moment will never be known. To keep a record of the actions of every man during an infantry engagement on an eight-mile front is an impossibility. Bluebird disappeared somewhere in France on the twenty-seventh of May in 1918. And what happened in his life between that date and the thirtieth of May, 1918, can only be inferred. On the latter date he was found alive but unconscious on the edge of a shell hole some miles north of Cantigny, in a sector of the western front that had been evacuated by the Germans. In either hand he grasped a revolver — and they were revolvers of the type used by German officers. How he had gotten them is guesswork. If he had a rifle he had thrown it away, apparently preferring the smaller weapons.

Not more than fifteen feet to the right and about twenty feet to the left of Bluebird's shell hole were two abandoned German machine-gun nests, with the machine guns still erect and loaded for action. In one were two German soldiers, and in the other were four. All of them were dead. All of them had been shot with bullets from German revolvers of the type used by German officers. So the scene was self-explanatory.

Bluebird, having armed himself to his own pleasure, and fighting the war under his own command, was crawling across a contested bit of No-Man's Land, using shell holes for cover. As long as he didn't stand up or crawl into a barrage fire he was all right. He stuck his head out of a shell hole and discovered the German machine guns within a few feet of him. They weren't trained on him, and he was right between them. Then he went into action, using a style of fighting that had been popular with his distant ancestors in the days of the covered

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wagon. From his point of vantage he began picking off his enemies one by one. He did it with the same emotions with which he lit cigarettes. That his method of fighting was effective spoke for itself. The contest must have lasted less than a minute, for Bluebird had to work fast and stake everything on the value of his surprise attack. That he very nearly "got it" himself is evident by the fact that one German bullet grazed his head and knocked him senseless. But he must have gotten his last man at the same instant, and that ended one of a thousand unsung sagas of the World War. It was all in a day's work with Bluebird. He was discovered and revived, and the war went on. And by the time the Distinguished Service Cross came along, Bluebird wasn't sure of just what it was for.

But he liked it, and his pride in its ownership has not faded. Since the armistice Bluebird has returned to his own country. Next to refusing to answer superfluous questions, he enjoys smoking and sunning himself in his native desert environment. Nothing can budge him from that, and he hasn't the slightest ambition to do any kind of work. But if another war breaks out, and the fact is brought to his attention, he will probably go, because he likes the noise. Until that day arrives Bluebird is going to sit quietly in a desert town and get a lot of fun out of life by wearing his cross and irritating strangers.

Eyes Are Lit Up

Someone whom no man can see
Is lighting candles in the tree.

Star by star, on every bough
There is a taper burning now.

Quietly, the forest through,
Eyes are lit up, two by two.

The silky moles and velvet mice
Have eyes as sharp as cracks in ice.

Dark-lanterns of the owls begin
To burn like emeralds and sin.

The raccoon built of hidden wire
Prowls by the glow of his brain-fire.

Herons stand as still as years
And see the fish swim through their tears.

All the creatures of the night
Are busy being their own light.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

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DECENT CHRISTIAN BURIAL

BY MARIAN J. CASTLE

WHY IS IT that we are able to cast off conventions pertaining to every event in modern existence except the burial of our dead? Women who haven't returned a call in fifteen years will recoil from the very thought of wearing a red hat to a funeral. Men who can coolly face the front-page details of their own divorces will not dare to buy for a departed relative a headstone that costs a dollar less than those adorning neighboring graves.

I think that the time has come to weigh our burial customs, to retain those which contribute to the peace of the survivors and to true respect for the dead, and to reject those which are merely a cruel and senseless homage to a discarded body.

People held up their hands in horror at the thought of the sacrifice of widows in India. Yet there are few of us who do not know of widow-sacrifice in this country — widows who bend over washtubs or who do without actual necessities, in order to pay for a "decent Christian burial" for their departed mates.

In my observation, a "decent Christian burial" is seldom either decent or Christian. Certainly it is not decent to lacerate further an already anguished family or to drain further an already emptied family purse; and certainly it is not Christian to glorify the mere remains of a dead body.

This is not intended as a diatribe against morticians, or florists, or cemetery associations, or the manufacturers of caskets and vaults. Rather, it is a diatribe against our own moral cowardice, which makes us procrastinate about thinking of our own burial trappings; and which prompts us, when we have to purchase burial trappings for another, to do the customary thing.

Custom has its uses. When death strikes one who is close to us, we are often totally unfitted to cope with the grimly practical problem of disposing of his body. Gratefully, we turn to what is customary and acquiesce in the usual expensive and elaborate burial ritual. "It is the last thing we can ever do for him!" we say heartbrokenly, as we proceed to do all the things he would not have wished us to do.

I suggest, not that we abolish burial customs, but that we change them. Perhaps the best persons to do this are the candidates for death — all of us. Why don't we settle the matter as we do our life insurance, when we are in health? Few of us are so egotistical as to attach any importance to our own bodies after death. Then why don't we make certain that our families, in their anxiety to show respect to our memories, shall not become easy prey for all the trades and propaganda that capitalize death? Why don't we go on record as to the kind of burial we want?

II

I'VE SOMETIMES thought, as I've sat through a funeral, that if I were deliberately trying to I couldn't devise more refined cruelties than are inflicted upon mourning families, nor more indignities than are heaped upon helpless corpses.

I suppose it all goes back to that fact that our burials are only nominally Christian. It is true, we call in the minister to officiate; we say prayers; we sing hymns. Obligingly — without fee, and with no string tied to it — the church consigns to heaven the spirit of an individual who may have ignored the church for forty years. But such a Christian stress upon the departed spirit is chiefly a matter of words. The real stress, as proved by deeds and checkbook, is a pagan one of glorifying the transient body.

Consider the various phases of this emphasis upon the dead body. First comes the embalming. But — goes the argument — if the body is

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to be held until the funeral, it must be made sanitary. And if it is to be gazed upon at the funeral, it must be beautified. And if it is to last a long time within the grave, it must be preserved.

But why hold it? Why exhibit it? Why preserve it? Well do I know that the first frantic impulse of the bereft is to hold fast to the dear body of the dead. But that is a morbid impulse and one to be frustrated if possible. It is far kinder to the sorrowing to leave with them only photographs and memories of him as he was — living, laughing, and loving — rather than the recollection of a painted, dead face. In those cases where I have been prevented by circumstances from viewing a beloved person after death, I have lived to be grateful.

As for exhibiting the corpse to the public, can you imagine any greater indignity? If people expressed themselves upon the subject during their lifetimes, how many bodies of public citizens would lie "in state" in capitol foyers, exposed to the gaze of the curious? How many bodies of private citizens would be exposed at funerals to the equally curious who file past caskets?

And can the mere preservation of the body in the grave help either the dead or the living? Surely, grief is not assuaged by the thought that the remains will take fifty years to revert to the elements, instead of the possible ten required by natural disintegration, or the few hours required by cremation.

Consider, too, our funeral flower fetish. A person with whom we were not on intimate enough terms to have exchanged either a recipe or a cigar dies, and immediately we feel called upon to order for him an elaborate floral piece. I know a man who has rebelled at the anachronism of sending flowers to a dead body. Now, when he wishes to pay his respects to the departed, he sends a check to a charity in the name of the one who has died.

Perhaps, some day, an enlightened person will request that his death notice in the papers read: "Please send all flowers to the county hospital."

The whole subject of caskets and vaults is a squeamish one. Insidious advertising has so played upon our emotions that when a death actually occurs we feel we are expressing our love by choosing (and paying for) rounded corners instead of square . . . the finer grade of satin . . . the silver handles. . . . And we ponder over the vault to encase the casket in the ground. Shall it be steel or cement or copper? Inevitably we pick the "best" — best because it longest preserves the discarded body that is just as dead when it has been buried a day as a decade.

Another new development in our pagan emphasis upon the dead body, and one that would make an early Eygptian covetous, is the "perpetual care" offered by modern cemeteries. The best the Pharaohs could do was to build caverns and pyramids in the hope of discouraging the desecration of their tombs. We, on the other hand, pay a neat sum which entitles a grave to eternal gardening attention. Imagine! As though, a thousand years from now, this same cemetery association would still be mowing grass and transplanting geraniums over these same graves!

If I were a statistician, I could figure out, at the present rate of births and deaths, how long it would take for the entire United States to be turned into one gigantic cemetery, all preserved under perpetual care. Nonsense, obviously. The earth is for the living, and not all the assurances devised by cemetery associations can keep cemeteries — when they shall be needed — from growing wheat or hollyhocks or fairways. And although few of us really desire for ourselves the pitiful, earthly immortality of a grave preserved by perpetual care, yet we continue buying it for others as a mark of our respect.

From some who mourn, one hears this defense of cemeteries: "But it comforts me to have a grave to go to. It gives me a special place where I can just sit and remember!"

How many of us really want to be mourned in that fashion? How many of us want the living to go to a lonely grave in order to remember us? If we are to be missed, don't we wish to be missed in terms of our living interests? In the picnics we organized or in the homes we made or by the children we cuddled or in the businesses we ran?

The final evidence of our homage to the dead body usually consists of a headstone to mark its resting place. But again I wonder whether we really want spent on a headstone a sum that would be sufficient to carry a youth halfway

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through college, or to pay the salary of a visiting nurse for a year, or to endow a room in a children's hospital? Do we? Then let us go on record now, expressing our wishes.

III

GRANTING THAT the rational disposal of the body is the one that is quickest and most complete; and that the Christian disposal of the body is the one that emphasizes the soul and not the corpse, then cremation would seem to be the answer. But I have observed almost as many inconsistencies growing up about cremation as about the more traditional methods of burial.

Not long ago I visited an ornate marble building where the ashes of cremated persons are stored (at a price). Here, oddly enough, after people have resorted to cremation, presumably to facilitate the return of the body to its elements, they then store these minute mineral remains in small niches in the wall and hang wreaths over the niches. Incongruous, it seems to me, this reverence for the mere residue of the body.

In a small town, I once attended the funeral of a person who had died of a contagious disease in a distant state. The authorities had refused to permit the body to be shipped without cremation. Consequently, all through that solemn funeral, while I sat on a creaking folding chair in a stuffy, carnation-scented living room and tried to keep my eye on the preacher, I was hysterically conscious of a neat brown-paper parcel reposing before us on the top of the radio. Tied with white cord and smartly sealed with the red wax of the express company, it looked astonishingly like a wedding present. The ashes! According to that local undertaker you just had to have a corpse at a funeral.

You will hear people who pride themselves upon being very advanced declare: "I don't want any harrowing funeral for myself. I wish to be cremated and I've asked to have my ashes scattered over the Rockies." . . . Or in Mammoth Cave . . . or from the top of the Washington Monument.

Do such people honestly imagine that it will be less harrowing for their families to drive to the top of the Divide, carrying an urn filled with ashes to scatter, than for them to attend an old-fashioned funeral? Why — after they have expressed a wish for the least ostentatious disposal of their bodies — should they desire the most ostentatious disposal of their ashes?

IV

WHAT, EXACTLY, is a sane and sensible burial? I do not know, of course. That which would seem humane to some would be agonizing to others. But suppose that, immediately after death, the undertaker were to come and remove the body. Suppose he then unobtrusively and quickly disposed of that body, either by the simplest of burials or by cremation — which seems to me the least vainglorious of all ends to choose for oneself. After that, a memorial service could be held, to consist of whatever was most comforting to those who were left — a eulogy of the dead, or music, or simply the hopeful reaffirmation of the Christian belief that death is not victorious. The entire emphasis would be upon the spirit and not the body.

It would not mean that we should forget our dear ones. But instead of remembering them by means of polished granite headstones and landscaped cemeteries and perpetual care, we should remember them in terms of some living interest of theirs. A scholarship in a college. Sand boxes in a day nursery. A traveling library. A wading pool for children in the park.

Or — and this is more germane to-day — if the family of the deceased were in moderate circumstances, the finest memorial he could have would be their proper protection. It is ironical that often when the family's income is sheared down to almost nothing by the death of the wage-earner, the bulk of his modest estate (and sometimes "easy" payments for a year to come) should go to purchase his burial trappings.

We spend more on burials than on births. Every year fifteen thousand mothers and countless babies are lost in childbirth. Many of them might be saved if a little of that perpetual care were offered to them temporarily.

No, I am not saying that we should lack respect for our dead. But I do say that we should translate our respect for the mere preservation of discarded bodies — which know no needs — to the preservation of living bodies — which need so much.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

The Seats of the Mighty

On February 7, heralded not by trumpets but by the plaintively aggressive oratory of several Republican senators, The Forum *made its debut in the halls of the Congress. And not only in the halls, indeed, but in the sacrosanct and deathless pages of the* Congressional Record!

For this achievement it is indebted to the gentleman from Indiana, Mr. Robinson. Aided mightily by the doughty Senator from Ohio, Mr. Fess, he talked through the long hours of the afternoon; talked through the heckling of Democratic Senators McKellar, Barkley, and Black; through the irrelevancies of the gentleman from Louisiana, Mr. Long; and through the intricacies of such pertinent and related topics as the relative efficiency of the spoils system in the Wilson and Harding administrations, the reasons (if any) why ex-Postmaster General Brown had not testified before Mr. Black's investigating committee, and the way they feed hogs in Louisiana. These vital matters having been settled or referred to committees, Lawrence Sullivan's article from the February Forum, *"Our New System of Bureaucracy," was duly incorporated in the* Record, *and* The Forum *made a graceful, if abashed, exit.*

We quote from the Record:

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana (*after an interval of oratory on bureaucracy and the Civil Service*). In the February number of The Forum appears an article entitled "Our New System of Bureaucracy," written by Lawrence Sullivan. I should like to quote to some extent from this article, and then, at the conclusion of my remarks, have it incorporated in the *Record*.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, the entire article will be printed in the *Record* at the conclusion of the Senator's address.

Here follows a dissertation by Mr. Robinson on the HOLC, FCA, AAA, FDIC, and so on to the total of twenty initials.

Mr. LONG. Mr. President, did the Senator get the GIN in there? [Laughter.]

Mr. Robinson and Mr. Fess continue on the subject of bureaucracy.

Mr. SCHALL. I desire to ask the Senator from Indiana whether he has heard of the alphabetical description that John Simpson, a great friend of the farmer, gives to this administration? He entitles it, "DBD — drink, borrow, and destroy."

Mr. Barkley, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fess, and Mr. McKellar discourse on the public services of Messrs. Farley and Hopkins. Mr. McKellar is quoting from some testimony of the latter.

Mr. HOPKINS. In New York two CWA employees were arrested for selling policy slips and low-grade liquor to their fellow workers.

Senator BYRNES. Apparently it was the low grade that made the trouble. [Laughter.]

Mr. HOPKINS. Yes.

Senator DICKINSON. That was in New York, as I understood?

Mr. HOPKINS. That was in the Senator's State. In Texas a man was arrested, charged with larceny.

Senator COPELAND. There is no low-grade whisky in Texas.

Mr. McKellar, Mr. Borah, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Long continue.

Mr. LONG (*discussing the CWA*). Down in my country we always kill the hogs in the wintertime after they have eaten the acorns in the woods. In the summertime we throw them a little corn to keep them through the summer. But if we went out and threw corn to them in the wintertime they would get so they would not even look in a ditch for a crawfish. Indeed, they would hardly go out and look for an acorn in the wintertime if we fed them much corn.

Mr. Long, Mr. Robinson, Mr. McKellar, and Mr. Barkley exchange compliments.

Mr. BARKLEY. Does the article state how many Democratic postmasters were removed during the first 6 or 9 or 12 months after the inauguration of Mr. Harding following the Wilson administration?

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. No; it does not. I have read the Senator what the article contains.

Mr. BARKLEY. If the Senator will take the pains to look into the record, he will find that during the same period following the inauguration of Mr. Harding in 1921 twice as many Democratic postmasters were removed as have been removed by President Roosevelt.

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. I have not gone into that. What the Senator has said may be true. I am not in a position to challenge the statement. I am only quoting what is said in this month's Forum.

Mr. BARKLEY. In other words, the Senator is quoting what serves his particular purpose at the moment.

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. Oh, no. I have gone into personnel, and I have tried to show the Senate that these are not only my views but they are views which come from a nonpartisan source entirely, and evidently they may be taken as a pretty fair criterion of what the country is thinking about the whole matter.

Interlude by Mr. Robinson, Mr. Steiwer, Mr. Barkley, Mr. McKellar, Mr. Fess, Mr. Clark, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Borah, and Mr. Long.

Mr. LEWIS. I was not here when the Senator from Indiana began the article from which he is reading. Therefore, I do not know who is reported to have written it; but I beg to call to the attention of the Senator the statement which I heard just as I came in — that a member of the Federal Reserve Board was appointed from Chicago who had no experience in banking and no acquaintance with finance.

That statement is very unjust to this gentleman. This Mr. Szymczak is a Pole. He was a professor of finance and economics in a college. From there, after long teaching, he became director in a bank. From there he was made Comptroller of the City of Chicago, having supervision of all its finances under the very difficult circumstances which my able friend from Indiana knows Chicago has been going through; and he was presented upon his qualifications in that respect. He was not presented by me. I accepted him and ratified him as far as my voice went, because of his qualifications.

It may interest my able friend from Indiana for me to say that the support that came to this gentleman was from the large population of Poles headed by South Bend, Indiana. It was through the recommendation of that very splendid constituency that Mr. Szymczak was presented for the office.

Mr. CLARK. Mr. President, will the Senator yield to me for one observation?

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. In just a second, when I reply to the Senator from Illinois. For the Senator's information, I will state that I am quoting from the February Forum an article written by Lawrence Sullivan, and in this paragraph I presume he refers to the situation mentioned by the Senator:

> A prominent party leader in Chicago, who never had been identified with banking or finance, was confirmed as a member of the Federal Reserve Board

No name is mentioned.

Mr. LEWIS. Mr. President, the able writer has fallen into error. I have given the name of the gentleman, and something of his history, which should particularly appeal to the Senator from Indiana.

A discourse on the postal investigation by Mr. Clark, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fess, Mr. McKellar, Mr. Barkley, Mr. Black, Mr. Robinson of Arkansas, and Mr. Harrison.

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. I suppose one ought never to try to judge what a

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OUR ROSTRUM

court may do, or at any rate to discuss the verdict before it is returned. There has been a great deal of innuendo back and forth; intimations in this direction and that. I certainly hold no brief for the ex-Postmaster General, Mr. Brown, but as long as we indulge in hearsay, intimation, and innuendo and things that may come to pass, it seems to me pertinent to observe that apparently all of the Postmasters General have a great affinity for the airways. The present Postmaster General, Mr. Farley, is reported to have indulged himself and friends of his in a wonderful trip, a junket to visit our distinguished Vice-President in Texas, at the complete expense of the Eastern Airways, one of the great airway concerns, which furnished the ships and furnished the gasoline. So apparently all of the Postmasters General like the airways — yes; and so do other members of the administration, Mr. President. Oh, well, I shall not go into that.

Mr. CLARK. Mr. President —

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Missouri?

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. I yield to the Senator from Missouri.

Mr. CLARK. It has not been charged that the present Postmaster General burned any papers in the dark of the night.

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. But it is alleged that he burned a lot of gas.

Mr. CLARK. Mr. President, will the Senator yield further?

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. Mr. President, I shall not yield further.

Mr. CLARK. Very well, if the Senator does not wish to yield further.

Mr. ROBINSON of Indiana. I shall not yield further at this time. [Laughter.] I am anxious to conclude.

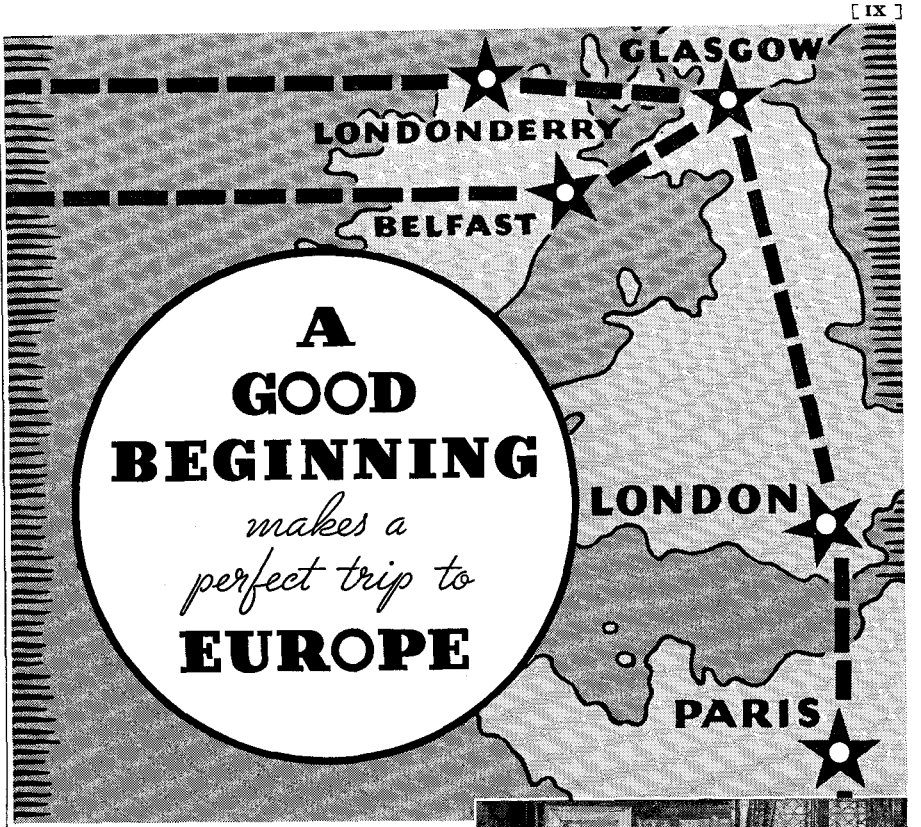
And presently the Senator did.

MR. SULLIVAN EXPLAINS

To the Editor:

In my article, "Our New System of Bureaucracy," in THE FORUM for February I wrote, under the subhead, "Plum Pudding": "A prominent party leader in Chicago, who never had been identified with banking or finance, was confirmed as a member of the Federal Reserve Board."

Friends of Mr. M. S. Szymczak, a member of the Federal Reserve Board appointed from Chicago last June, protest that this is unfair, particularly since the Federal Reserve Act does not require that this place be filled by a banker. On the contrary, they emphasize, the Act was expressly designed, in Section 10, to insure representation to the interests of agriculture, commerce, and industry, as well as finance, on the Federal Reserve Board. This section also stipulated that the places should be distributed with due regard to the special interests of the several major sections of the country.



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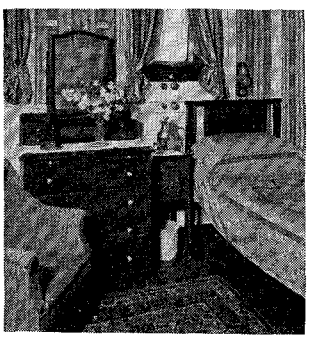

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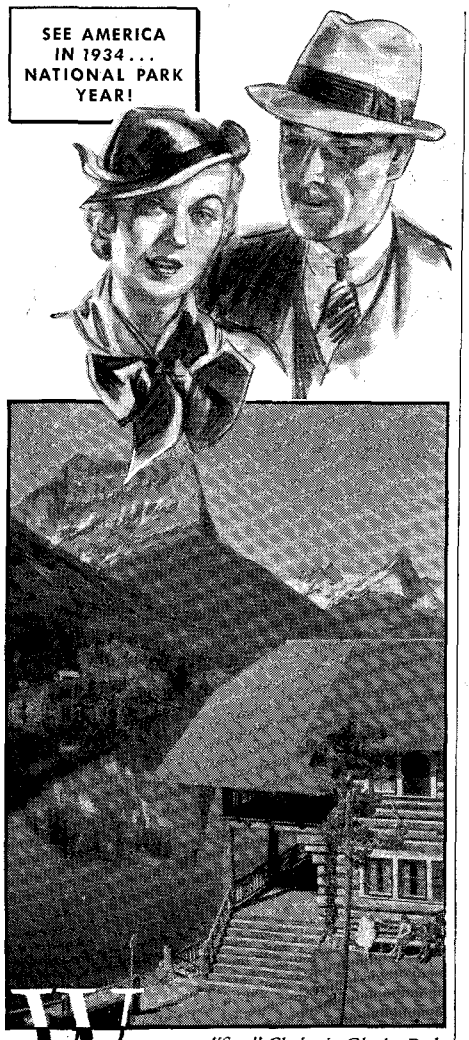

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OUR ROSTRUM

His friends add that, although Mr. Szymczak was not actively identified with banking, he had a broad background in economics and finance. He holds degrees from St. Mary's College, Mount St. Mary's Seminary, New York University School of Commerce, and DePaul University. He taught six years in high school and eleven years in the College of Commerce, DePaul University. His specialties at DePaul were economics and Philosophy in Business. For two years, more recently, he was Educational Director of the League of Building and Loan Associations of the State of Illinois.

After serving as secretary to the County Judge of Cook County (Chicago), he led his ticket in a race for City Treasurer, but was defeated. He next served successively as Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County and, by appointment of the late Mayor Cermak, as Comptroller of the City of Chicago during the recent period of extraordinary municipal financial distress. He left that post, with the plaudits of the City Council formally spread upon the record of his administration, to become a member of the Federal Reserve Board.

In presenting my material I deliberately avoided all mention of names, with a view to holding the discussion above personalities and narrow partisanship. Unfortunately, however, a Chicago newspaper has mentioned Mr. Szymczak's name in connection with my article. Since I am anxious to avoid every action which might be regarded as prejudicial to faithful public service, I should greatly appreciate your publishing this brief sketch of Mr. Szymczak's training and career.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

Chevy Chase, Md.

THE IRISH OF IT

To the Editor:

To Lawrence Sullivan's article ("Our New System of Bureaucracy") in the February FORUM may I apply some of Molly Colum's rules of criticism? This Sullivan thing tells of the orgy of jobs and plums in the New Deal but gives only four names: Farley, Sinnott, Maloney, and Hoey. (1) Does this mean that only Catholics got jobs? or (2) does it mean that your policy requires malevolence and blackguardism versus the Irish Catholic? What do you, down in the depths of your blighted, bigoted souls, think of a craven type such as Sullivan seems to be?

P. MORIARITY

Los Angeles, Calif.

When an Irishman attacks an Irishman over four Irish names and according to an Irishwoman's rules of criticism, what is a mere editor to do? He might, of course, call for aid to Colonel Bankhead, the gentleman

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This Summer, travel trends lead to the Soviet Union . . . the most talked about country and the one country abroad in which the deflation of the dollar has literally been ignored. How? By making the moderate, all-inclusive travel rates in force last year effective in 1934. First Class $15 a day; Second Class $8 a day; Third Class $5 a day. Rates include: Soviet visas, meals, hotels, guide-interpreters, sightseeing, boat, train and motor transportation on tour in the U. S. S. R. All travel agents have rates, schedules and itineraries.

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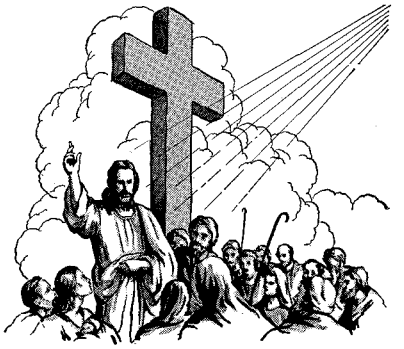

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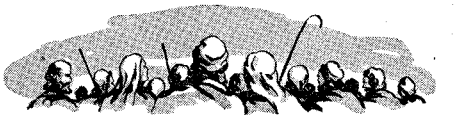

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OUR ROSTRUM

from Alabama who in some incomprehensible fashion got mixed up in that craven Sullivan's list of Irish plum receivers.

ON BANKING

Regarding Frank A. Vanderlip's article, "Gold Standard, New-Style," in the March FORUM, *Hamilton F. Kean, Senator from New Jersey and a member of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, writes:*

. . . I think under the bill that was passed we have created a bank which, as Senator Glass expresses it, is a one-man bank, with almost unlimited powers vested in the Secretary of the Treasury. It can do all the things that Mr. Vanderlip suggests his bank could do, and many more.

Senator James Couzens of Michigan, a member of the same Committee, says of Mr. Vanderlip's proposal that:

. . . the efficacy of the plan seems to rely upon the impossible. Mr. Vanderlip says . . . "This Federal Monetary Authority would consist of a small number of highly considered, widely experienced men with the courage and the acumen to say, 'No' . . . at the right time." . . . If men had the courage, the acumen, and the wisdom . . . many of our problems would be solved. Further on . . . Mr. Vanderlip . . . says: ". . . our Federal Monetary Authority . . . would be practically exempt from either political or financial pressure." These are undoubtedly ideals to wish for, but they seem to me, in view of our human weaknesses, impossible of execution in the near future.

ON BUDGETING

William J. Pedrick, President of the Fifth Avenue Association, asserts he will take pleasure in referring those who view our national budget with alarm *to Edward Filene's piece in the March* FORUM — *"Is Security Worth $20,000,000,000?"*

Fred F. French, Chairman of the Boards of Directors of the Fred F. French Companies, of New York, says:

Of course security is worth $20,000,000,000. *But, he adds,* I believe that the real dismay of our people is that the real cost to them may be in loss of freedom of thought and action. . . . If lack of faith in the intellectual and moral superiority of some men over others and lack of responsibility for self-support gain further ground, I should say the cost of recovery shall have indeed been too great.

A laconic letter from Lucius Boomer, President of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, reads in part:

I observe the New Deal with mixed feelings in which apprehension is promi-

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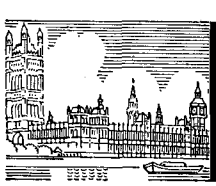

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OUR ROSTRUM

nent. Personally, I am inclined to the recovery technique being followed in England and to a certain extent in Canada.

Finally, Burns P. Hodgman, President of The Rumford Press, Concord, New Hampshire, makes this shrewd comment:

If the expenditure of ten or twenty billions of dollars . . . results in permanent recovery, no one will quarrel with the price. . . .

Just what will occur, however, if, at the end of the next two years, the business pump has not been so thoroughly primed as to cause an absorption of the unemployed to the normal figure, is the reason for the "dismay" which overshadows industry and capital. Industry and capital fear that abnormal governmental expenditures will be continued beyond any present contemplated period, and that the national annual income will not have been increased from forty to the required sixty or seventy billions of dollars. Until that figure is attained, there can be neither mass production nor buying nor the basis for income taxes necessary to sustain the projected recovery program. . . . Should further uncontrolled spending become necessary, with the lack of national income to meet the obligations, bankruptcy or the issuance of fiat money would inevitably follow, when the last state would be worse than the first.

OLMSTEAD TO ASWELL TO ——?

The Editor has been receiving recently curious inquiries from readers whose memories function as of July, 1931. The substance of their curiosity has to do with the leading article in Macfadden's Liberty *for February 24. This piece (Reading time: 19 min. 45 sec.) is entitled, "Did Astor Find Capt. Kidd's Riches?" and is perpetrated by one Allen Marsh.*

It relates, in the glowing Liberty *manner, the establishment of the Astor fortune through the discovery by an Astor agent of the buried treasure of Captain Kidd in a cave on the coast of Maine. Supplemented by documentary evidence in the best romantic fashion, it describes the events which led to the unearthing of these facts by Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead, owner of the island on which the cave was located, and the progress of the $5,000,000 lawsuit which he instigated against the Astor descendants.*

At this writing, The Editor has not seen the second installment of the thrilling exposé, but he assumes that in due time Liberty *will make the dramatic disclosure that the whole thing is but a rehash of a hoax-book privately printed and distributed in the 1890's and ever and anon, in the years since, subject to reappearance — sometimes as a truthful narrative swallowed by a credulous individual, but more often as a pleasant jest.*

It is to be supposed that Liberty *is*

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OUR ROSTRUM

retelling it in the latter spirit; certainly it was in that vein that THE FORUM *published it in its issue of July, 1931. At that time, Mr. Edward Aswell, Assistant Editor of* The Atlantic Monthly *and one-time Assistant Editor of* THE FORUM, *obtained from Mr. Olmstead a copy of the hoax as originally printed and from it wrote his paper, which was called "Captain Kidd and the Astor Fortune — A Remarkable Lawsuit" and was signed with the pseudonym of Franklin H. Head.*

In the event that other FORUM *readers with three-year memories have been pondering the word "plagiarism," let their suspicions be allayed. The Kidd-Astor legend is public property.*

STERLING VS. HACKETT

Comment on the Sterling-Hackett debate over the new Food and Drugs Act, published in the February FORUM, *continues to reach our office. John W. Lederle, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, writes:*

John C. Sterling's article condemning the proposed food-and-drug bill is a typical superficial treatment. . . . Why doesn't some magazine find a business or advertising man who can write with constructive vision?

Joseph K. Howard, of Great Falls, Montana, declares:

Mr. Sterling's defense of the rugged individual's right to poison his fellows at will and his denunciation of the Tugwell Bill in your February issue make such a weak case that fortunately they will serve to advance the interests of that measure, already emasculated by a complaisant Senator Copeland on the demand of clamoring lobbies.

Mr. Sterling's article is a good example of the subtle falsehood which the bill seeks to ban. . . . What Mr. Sterling fears is that some firm might be willing to accept 100 per cent profit on some simple product and kill off some bandit marketing the same article at 1,000 per cent profit.

And from Howard Allen of New York:

The charmingly juvenile argument of Mr. John C. Sterling . . . would be diverting and amusing were it not for the implied insult it embodies. . . .

Mr. Sterling naïvely argues that the public is too intelligent to support the manufacturer's product which may be poisonous but unlabeled and in the very next breath (or perhaps he held his breath on this one!) insists that the same public is too unintelligent to understand a label showing that the product may be injurious! . . .

Does Mr. Sterling prefer, as he leads one to believe, that through trial and error and injury we consumers are to remain testing laboratories in order to

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OUR ROSTRUM

discover (often too late) which manufacturer may be the honest one?

But L. V. Burton, Editor of Food Industries, *presents the other side of the picture:*

I fear that some member of your editorial staff has fallen for the canned propaganda sent out by the Food and Drug Administration. . . . I cannot believe that all the things that allegedly befell the Catherine Hackett of the article have actually come into the experience of one housewife and her family.

. . . Catherine Hackett's story does not ring true. If the whole inspection service of the Food and Drug Administration brings together only this little group of packages, how is it that one housewife has been the victim of all these so-called deceptions?

. . . I grant that she is entitled as a housewife to know what she desires to know about the products she buys or to secure protection from possible harm through their purchase.

S. 1944, the Tugwell Bill, would have given her not only all that to which she was entitled, but far more, very much more. It went way beyond the bounds of reason in its all-inclusive zeal. . . .

For the benefit of those who mistakenly regret the death of S. 1944, let them be assured that consumer protection will not be withheld. . . .

We decline to comment on Mr. Burton's remark about canned propaganda other than to say that Catherine Hackett is no creation of The Forum's *editorial staff. She is a contributor of long standing and had no greater opportunity or incentive to fall for tinned goods of one brand than did Mr. Sterling for those bearing another label.*

An Author on Mrs. Colum

Hervey Allen, the not altogether unknown author of that perennial best-seller, Anthony Adverse, *has written the Editor a long letter, from which we quote:*

It does seem pertinent and quite without any personal bias on my part, to write you now and to tell you how very important, and with what genuine acclaim Mrs. Colum's articles have been received, and what an amount of favorable discussion they have aroused among some of the outstanding writers and best critical minds of our particular time. Mrs. Colum brings to literature not only a clear and careful quality of critical thinking, but a depth of critical knowledge which has its roots deep in the sources of feeling and understanding of the past. In addition to that, Mrs. Colum has had a wide personal acquaintance with the living spirits and important minds of her

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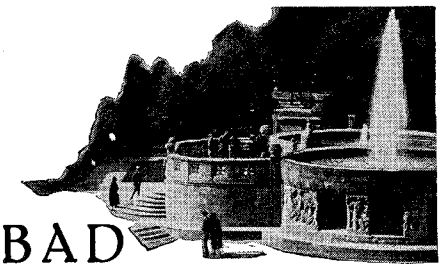

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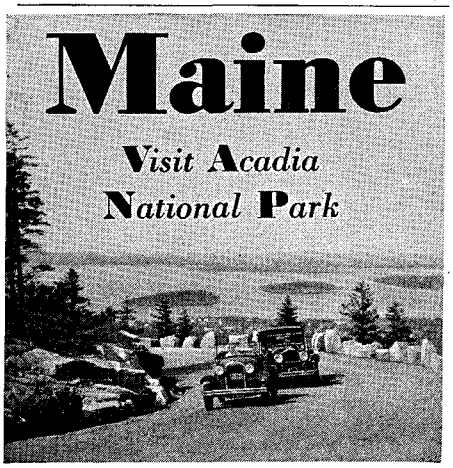

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OUR ROSTRUM

time, i.e., the English, American, Irish, and European authors who have made their mark upon modern literature. It is, in my opinion, therefore, very significant to have Mrs. Colum doing, probably, the most brilliant pieces of criticism that are appearing just at the moment, for THE FORUM. You are particularly to be congratulated on having her work appear in your magazine, just at a time when in New York, although nowhere else in the United States, there is a silly attempt to insist that the canons of literature must conform to the irrelevant economic theories of Karl Marx. Aside from all this, for your information, a great many people I know, who have never before, to speak frankly, taken any particular interest in THE FORUM, are now discussing it and looking forward eagerly to Mrs. Colum's articles. As an editor, I think your perspicacity has been great in having secured her, as I have heard other editors, your esteemed contemporaries, say so.

SAINTS OUT OF SINNERS

To the Editor:

With haste, I turned to the article, "A Code for the Churches," by Dr. John Haynes Holmes in the January number of THE FORUM, expecting to find something of practical value. In this expectation I was bitterly disappointed.

The merger of all the denominations of Christendom into one united Church is an impossibility. It would not be a good thing even though it were possible. The world had only one Christian denomination one time, and that church became so corrupt as to be well nigh unendurable. . . .

As to the other items in Dr. Holmes' proposed Code, all the denominations profess to be doing them already. . . .

My personal opinion is that if the churches knew how to make saints out of sinners, that would be the only knowledge needed. . . .

JESSE F. BENTON
Knoxville, Tenn.

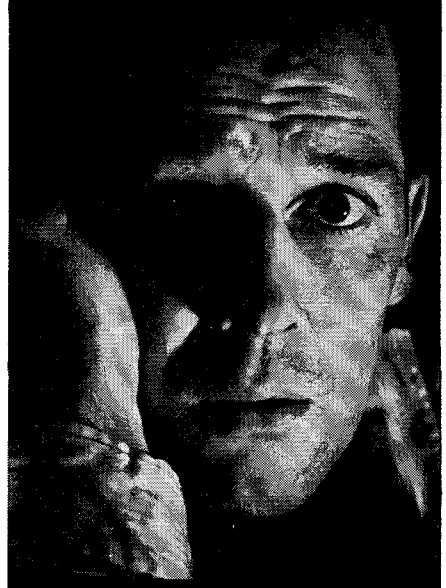
KIBITZER DOESN'T BLAME GERMANS

To the Editor:

Just a word of kibitzing on the article, "Germany Rearms" (Albert Brandt), in a recent (January) issue of your excellent magazine. I have no quarrel with its point of view, since I am, on the whole, sympathetic with it; and it might go without saying that even if I disagreed violently I would appreciate the eclectic character of your magazine.

But what pains me is that I don't see how your high standards of editorial judgment could have let go into print such horrible illogicality. I work for a college textbook department, and I should be prepared to be jumped on unmercifully

Night is a long torment when you can't get to sleep—nerves taut, eyes staring into the dark. But here is an easy remedy, that 9 out of 10 who write us about it say gives them relief. Smooth a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of the neck—in slow firm strokes. Then, relax for a night of sound slumber.



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Poetry Contest

INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTESTANTS

TO FACILITATE the judging of poems in THE FORUM'S Poetry Contest, the Poetry Editor requests that the following form or a duplicate of this form be attached to all entries. (*Announcement on p. 223*)

NAME_____

COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY_____

ADDRESS_____

TITLE OF POEM_____

FORM* OF POEM_____

**Ballad, Ballade, Rondeau, Rondel, Roundel, Sonnet, Triolet, Vers Libre, Villanelle, etc.*

OUR ROSTRUM

by the college teachers I call on, if we ever put out any such scrambled reasoning for college class study.

I mean the "it is rumored, etc. . . . thus Germany stands convicted" sort of reasoning. What kind of dialectic is this? The author's main thesis may be quite correct, and may be fully borne out by future events, but at the present time I think we are all justified in demanding good, logical form in any analysis that comes to such unfriendly conclusions.

I grant that the whole tenor of anti-Nazi criticism is of this sort. I began by being wholly in sympathy, but it has gone so far that I can't stomach it any longer. The allegations are so overwhelmingly anonymous, general, and hysterical, having every symptom of wishful thinking, that I now insist on indisputable evidence. For one reason, it remains painfully vivid to me what I uncritically swallowed from 1914 to 1920. If I'm tricked again, it will be by a new repertory.

I don't blame the Germans for being damned sore.

THEODORE PURINTUN

Denver, Colo.

CATCH UP WITH THE ANTS

To the Editor:

Those of us who flatter ourselves that humans represent the most socially advanced form of life would do well to read "Ants and Man," by John Langdon-Davies, in the December, 1933, FORUM.

Mr. Langdon-Davies offers the interesting conclusion that ants perpetuate military in addition to other types. He also tells us that the worker ants kill off their soldier ants in peacetime, thus relieving themselves of the burden of their support. . . .

Would not this be a good time to start catching up with the ants? We might begin by putting all generals, admirals, and poison gas and other armaments manufacturers, unprotected, in gas-testing chambers and turning on the gas. The enormous revenues released from military upkeep could then be diverted to the support of our millions of unemployed and to reopening closed schools and to payment of unpaid teachers' salaries or other social purposes. . . .

ANNIE S. GRAY

New York, N. Y.

AN ENGLISH VIEW

The Editor's Foreword, "Can We Eliminate Fear?" in the March issue has been reprinted in Great Britain in the London Daily Herald. *Following is an extract from a letter by a reader of that journal:*

Your article . . . is very inspiring and will do much good amongst workingmen over here. . . . We over here are keenly watching your new experiment and trust it will be a huge success.

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THE
FORUM
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

RADIO BROADCASTING AS THE CONSUMER HEARS IT

Cyrus Fisher

Mr. Fisher, who is one of the ablest radio critics in the country, considers programs from the listener's side. He will also present his conclusions drawn from a recent comprehensive questionnaire submitted to radio editors throughout the country.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM AFTER THE DEPRESSION

Elwood Street

Recovery (when it arrives) has no magic to dissipate the entire problem of unemployment. Mr. Street suggests ways and means of dealing with unemployable misfits, chronic as well as temporary.

A YOUNG MAN'S DILEMMA

Dan W. Gilbert

A member of a group younger than that formerly known as the "lost generation" describes the mental chaos which he believes is keeping America's young men to-day from finding a road to travel.

AMERICAN UTOPIANS

Ida M. Tarbell

The depression of the 1930's has not yet produced its full quota of economic plans to end depressions, but those it has and those it will produce, suggests Miss Tarbell, owe much to those two brilliant theorists of the depression of the 1870's — Henry George and Edward Bellamy.

THE CASE FOR ACTION — I

Innes H. Pearse
G. Scott Williamson

The twin shackles of disease and what the authors call devitalization combine to keep the urban workingman from the enjoyment of an integrated life. The first of two important papers describes a revolutionary experiment to improve the environmental factors at the root of the trouble.

AN IRISH PROPHECY

James Stephens

"I don't believe that in the long run America will make enough out of this war to buy herself a cocktail." This and other strangely prophetic statements appear in this Stephens letter, written in 1916.

MASTERS OF USE

Lewis Riley

The fundamental weakness of the capitalism of to-day lies in its assumption that profits may be used indefinitely to make more profits — that they are self-perpetuating and -multiplying. To check the practice of this fallacious tenet short of the point where it must regularly plunge the economic system into disaster, there is necessary a powerful balancing organization of individuals primarily consumers rather than producers.

THE OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE

William M. Barber

When Lenin declared that there was a definite Communist morality, what did he mean? How reconcile the high ethics of the movement with its militant atheism?

OTHER FEATURES

"Renascence at Forty," a spirited reply by Lucile Grebenc to the anonymous "Life Ends at Forty" (April issue); "Muddy Water," the first of three more Barbry Miller stories by Dora Aydelotte; an article on unemployment insurance, by Helen Hall.

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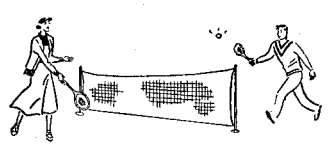

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

THE NEW DEALERS, by Unofficial Observer (Simon & Schuster, $2.75). So many interpretations of the New Deal, so many versions of Roosevelt the Man, so many Winchellized glimpses of official Washington have already poured from the presses that it is surprising to find a book of this sort which does not seem redundant. (A book good enough, in fact, to convince the Literary Guild — whose April choice it is.) Written, as it is almost superfluous to say, by a Washington newspaper man, *The New Dealers* is prodigal with information about the men who are responsible for the recovery program — not only the headliners but their obscure assistants as well. Almost as witty as the Washington Merry-Go-Round books, more readable and detached than such solid partisan studies as *The Roosevelt Revolution*, *The New Dealers* is a skillful blend of accurate information and crisp, informal anecdote. Although he is in sympathy with the New Deal — which was inevitable, he maintains, and not of Roosevelt's invention — the author criticizes freely whomever he pleases and is never bashful about ferreting out the weaknesses of the NRA. Whether or not his judgments and his predictions can ultimately be depended upon, *The New Dealers* is bound to remain an invaluable (and very lively) reference book — a shrewd and exhaustive Who's Who of the Roosevelt régime. With equal certainty it will give no comfort to the remaining pillars of the old order who, it claims, do not yet realize that they are licked.

REBEL AMERICA, by Lillian Symes and Travers Clement (Harper, $3.00). Those conservatives who imagine that the revolutionary tradition is alien to this country will probably be rudely surprised by Miss Symes' study of social revolt in the United States. Her book is the more impressive because she and her husband have eliminated from consideration all merely reformist movements and have concentrated on those groups whose aim was a complete transformation of the social order. The story starts, in a richly comic vein, with the eccentric and impractical Utopians of the 1820's and 1830's, who founded such colonies as New Harmony (sponsored by Robert Owen), Oneida, and Brook Farm. Fantasy ended, however, with the Civil War and the emergence of Marxism. Thereafter Miss Symes deals with more weighty matters — the development of trade unionism and western agrarianism; the rise and decay of the Knights of Labor and the I.W.W.; the appearance of anarchism, socialism, and finally communism. Herself a former agitator, Miss Symes emphasizes ruefully throughout the book the dual weakness of American radicalism — namely its failure to identify itself with the actual labor movement and its lamentable tendency toward internal dissension. Her heart and her hopes lie, it is clear, with Rebel America, but she writes with a detachment, a humor, a penetrating fairness which enable her to do justice to all groups and to interest a far wider public than professional radicals. Aside from its solider virtues, her book gives an uncommonly lively account of an act in the American drama which has always been conspicuous for the color and vigor of its actors — for its Jack Reeds, its Daniel De Leons, its Emma Goldmans, its lusty and swaggering Wobblies. At one and the same time *Rebel America* is good sociology, good entertainment, and good literature.

NAZISM: AN ASSAULT ON CIVILIZATION, edited by Pierre van Paassen and James Waterman Wise (Smith & Haas, $2.50). Vehement with protest as it is, this symposium can hardly serve as a reliable guide to Nazi Germany. The outraged liberalism of the very diverse contributors does them credit, but in several instances they could have afforded to be more cool-headed. There are, however, some sound and excellent articles in the book — notably Dorothy Thompson on the record of persecution, Alice Hamilton on the enslavement of women, Ludwig Lore on the fate of the worker, Ludwig Lewisohn on the revolt against civilization, Emil Lengyel on the international Nazi movement, and Miriam Beard's analysis of the unexpurgated edition of Hitler's autobiography. Even when one has made due allowance for the bitterness and revulsion of this group of writers — which also includes such men as Robert F. Wagner, Alfred E. Smith, William Green, and Rabbi Wise — the record as they reveal it is sufficiently appalling. *Nazism* is good journalistic propaganda, written at white heat and none too carefully. It tends to be over-inflammatory, but its excesses are understandable.

TWICE SEVEN, by H. C. Bainbridge (Dutton, $3.50). This mad autobiography of an equally mad but most engaging Englishman is too fantastic for precise definition. At one time or other Mr. Bainbridge was a research assistant to Dr. Ludwig Mond, an intimate friend of the enigmatic "Baron Corvo," and English agent for

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THE BOOK PARADE

Carl Fabergé, the Russian Court jeweler. He writes of all three, but chiefly and best of Fabergé, who designed fabulous Easter eggs for the Tsar and whose eager clients were largely kings and queens. Mr. Bainbridge tells some admirable yarns of the Edwardian Era, and of the royalty and Rothschilds whom he knew so intimately. He discloses himself, moreover, as something of a philosopher, with a mystic attachment to Russia and to the number seven. Leaping wildly from one topic to another, mixing sense and nonsense, he has nevertheless succeeded in producing a genuinely original and highly diverting book.

WINDOWS ON HENRY STREET, by Lillian D. Wald (Little, Brown, $3.00). The famous Henry Street Settlement was established in 1893, and in this book its founder, Miss Wald, glances back informally over forty fruitful years of social service. She describes the changes that have occurred in New York's East Side, the mounting and manifold activities of the Henry Street nurses, the educational programs which the Settlement has sponsored, the visitors of all races and political creeds whom it has entertained. Miss Wald's book is packed with anecdotes and is written with a disarming lack of dogmatism — though one misses the graphic power of a Steffens. She sees heartening signs for the future, and the setbacks which she has frequently experienced have in no wise diminished her passion for social reform.

THE OPPERMANNS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking, $2.50). If it is to be more than mere journalism a flagrantly topical novel such as this must be written with restraint and a sense of proportion. Precisely these qualities characterize *The Oppermanns*. A child could not doubt what Lion Feuchtwanger thinks of the Nazi movement, and yet his fictional indictment is so dignified, so artfully understated that it is twice as effective as impassioned truculence. The Oppermanns are wealthy, middle-class Jews who have inherited a large furniture business in Berlin and whose culture is real and solid. Relatively uninterested in politics and confident of their personal security, they are inclined to minimize the gathering storm. When it breaks they are unprepared and incredulous. Obviously better off than their weaker brethren, they nevertheless suffer cruelly. Their business and careers are swept away; most of them are exiled; the erstwhile dilettante of the family quixotically exposes himself to the horrors of a concentration camp; the most promising of the younger generation — a schoolboy — commits suicide for a matter of principle. Feuchtwanger has written a deeply moving panoramic novel which drama-

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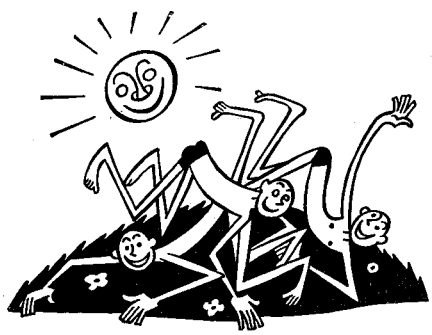

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tizes, with real understanding, the crisis in modern Germany.

MOSCOW, 1911–1933, by Allan Monkhouse (Little, Brown, $3.50). One of the British engineers who were tried so sensationally for espionage and sabotage in April, 1933, Mr. Monkhouse writes more generously of the Soviets than anyone could have expected. For twenty-two years, on and off, Mr. Monkhouse had been engaged on engineering projects in Russia, and even the famous Metropolitan Vickers trial did not alienate his real regard for the Russian people. No stylist, and possessed of no gift for the vivid phrase, Mr. Monkhouse writes, nevertheless, very interestingly of Tsarist, Revolutionary, and Soviet Russia. His comparison of past and present economic conditions, his analysis of the Five Year Plan, its accomplishments and weaknesses, are straightforward and enlightening. His account of the trial itself is disappointing in that he presupposes too much detailed knowledge on the part of the reader and that he merely parrots the official British explanation. He has honestly tried, however, to give the Soviets their due, and he has sufficiently overcome his natural prejudices to make his book a fairly trustworthy report of a fair-minded specialist.

THOMAS A. EDISON, by Mary Childs Nerney (Smith & Haas, $3.50). This informal biography, by a woman who spent two years sorting old manuscripts and files for Edison in his home at Orange, has the merit of being lively and unhackneyed. From old employees, from dusty papers, from personal observation, Miss Nerney was able to collect some really new material — fresh anecdotes in particular — and her book manages to humanize the inventor and to convey his personal charm. Organization is not her strong point, nor does she do much with Edison's relation to his age, but she does contrive to make one understand the passion for ceaseless experiment which took precedence over all other interests throughout Edison's long and fruitful life.

SMIRT, by Branch Cabell (McBride, $2.50). His publishers point out that this is the first novel which Mr. Cabell has written for six years. (Wasn't he the gentleman who publicly forswore fiction?) Mr. Cabell himself prefers to stress the fact that his is the first book since *Alice in Wonderland* to treat a full-length dream realistically. To the layman, *Smirt* bears a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Cabell's other works and is, moreover, so very unlike a novel that the author can hardly be accused of inconsistency. The dream adventures of Smirt (who happens, oddly enough, to be both a writer and a Virginian) are merely a convenient framework for Mr. Cabell's well-known opinions on sex, romance, religion, and the iniquities of unappreciative book reviewers. The old master writes — need one add — with his customary ornateness and urbanity. Perhaps one should be grateful, in a time of change, that Mr. Cabell remains so unalterably himself.

PARCHED EARTH, by Arnold B. Armstrong (Macmillan, $2.50). Tontos Valley, in California, had belonged successively to the Indians, to mission priests, and to a family of Spanish grandees. With the coming of industrialization it belonged wholly to Everett Caldwell — who ground down labor in his fruit canneries and whose father had cheated the Vasquez Clan and a pioneer family named Rathbone of their rightful heritage. Belle Vasquez, now the town prostitute, and Hattie Rathbone, an eccentric old maid, remained to defy him. With them, and with the resentful ranks of labor, he fought a bitter battle which is the theme of *Parched Earth*. Mr. Armstrong has a quick perception of the social and racial antagonisms inherent in such a town as Caldwell, but he has cheapened his story by too liberal a dose of melodrama. Nevertheless, *Parched Earth* is an exciting, if crudely written, novel, which looks the facts of industrialism squarely in the face.

PRIVATE WORLDS, by Phyllis Bottome (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). A hospital for the mentally deranged is the setting of this novel, and its three leading characters — one of them a woman — are all brilliant psychiatrists. Despite the medical terminology, however, and the poor crazed creatures who hover in the background, Miss Bottome has, as usual, written a very acceptable romantic love story with enough flavor of originality to make it distinctly superior to her recent books.

THE WIFE, by Helen Grace Carlisle (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Safely harbored in an unusually satisfactory marriage, Nina Cameron came to learn, in the course of twenty-six climactic hours, that she was not yet through with struggle. Miss Carlisle has very cleverly interwoven the story of Nina's pampered present and of her tragic and ravaged past. Emotionally a little florid, a little sentimental, the book is skillfully written and sufficiently dramatic to please the admirers of *Mothers Cry* — the novel which made Miss Carlisle's reputation.

SO STOOD I, by Jane Culver (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). A sensitive, slightly precocious young girl, weighed down by the burden of her Catholicism, is the heroine of this novel by a newcomer who writes with surprising freshness and delicacy. Torn between their frivolous Catholic

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THE BOOK PARADE

mother and a Protestant father who appeared enviably free of their own sense of sin, Nancy and her brother — always leagued together against their elder sister — struggled to attain a feeling of adequacy and self-reliance. The book is loosely episodic, but it is superior to the usual so-so novel about adolescent struggles.

BREAKFAST IN BED, by Sylvia Thompson (Little, Brown, $2.50). With her usual glib grace Miss Thompson follows the affairs of a London household from dawn till midnight of the same day. Sir Frederick Nicholson and his wife, their spoiled wayward daughter, her lover, the Townsend servants all reveal their secrets to the eye of omnipotence in a novel which is in no way remarkable, but which is written with competence and charm.

THE NINE TAILORS, by Dorothy L. Sayers (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Lord Peter Whimsey, Miss Sayers' aristocratic sleuth, unravels this time a murder which is intimately connected with the bells of a beautiful old fen-country church. The atmosphere is excellent; the plot, novel and intricate. This can easily be considered one of the best of the Lord Peter mysteries.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, by John Livingston Lowes (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). It has always been a pity that for the average reader much of the real greatness of Chaucer, not as the father of English poetry, not as the immortalized pioneer in a language which in a literary sense remained comparatively unexplored until it felt the genius of his discovery, but rather as the first great modern interpreter of realities, has been obscured through failure to grasp the meaning of many of his references. The failure is understandable enough, for Chaucer's world was completely different from ours: it was a world of religious superstition, of courtly romance, of classical learning; it was a world, however, in which the struggles, the schemes, the adventurings of men and women were no less complex or fascinating than they are to-day. The trick is to see beyond the obscurities of forgotten customs and lore and find the realities. This Professor Lowes helps us to do in an interpretation of Chaucer and his times which is as meticulous and revealing as his famous interpretation of Coleridge — *The Road to Xanadu*. The present work is one of those rare phenomena — an excellent piece of scholarly research untinctured by the tartaric dullness characteristic, unfortunately, of most books of this nature.

BLOODY MARY'S, by Geoffrey Dennis (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). Books and books have been written about boys and about boys' schools, and the majority of them have succeeded pretty well in glorifying adolescent triumphs and in concealing adolescent tragedies behind ivy-covered walls of sentiment. Mr. Dennis takes his readers behind the walls and lets them see through the frightened, observing eyes of Abel Yeo the lives of boys and masters in an English grammar school at the turn of the century. *Bloody Mary's* is a book sensitive to the inherent cruelty and bestiality of children, to their dread of cruelty and bestiality in adults, and to the wary, hopeful tenderness of both toward each other on those rare occasions when their relationship reaches a mutual understanding.

I WAS A GERMAN, by Ernst Toller (Morrow, $2.75). Ernst Toller was one of the leaders of the socialists active in Bavaria during the German Revolution in the closing month of the World War. A Jew, he was brought up to love Germany and to cherish many of the prejudices of the German people. His experiences in the war quickly purged him of the latter, and he came back from the front, shattered in health, to devote all his efforts to the establishment of a Soviet Republic in Germany. The failure of this republic, Herr Toller points out, can be blamed largely on the mistrust which the various factions of German socialists held for each other. His is a story of idealism, of valiant service for a cause he believes is the only solution to the difficulties in which the country he loves now finds herself. It is unevenly told, trivial and jerky in some parts, pathetically humorous and poignantly tragic in others, but it is a sincere document and it contains much to make one ponder upon the utter futility of war and the tyrannies of a tottering social system.

SAMUEL PEPYS: The Man in the Making, by Arthur Bryant (Macmillan, $3.00). Mr. Bryant has constructed from the massive diary of Samuel Pepys, from Pepys' *Memoirs of the Royal Navy*, and from his reams of official correspondence a biography that should hold its own for many years to come. This, the first volume, deals with Pepys' life from his birth in London, in 1633, to the year 1669, when his wife Elizabeth died. Pepys' rise from obscurity to the positions of Clerk of the Acts and Surveyor-General of Victualling for His Majesty's Navy would have delighted the heart of Horatio Alger, but that worthy, unlike Mr. Bryant, or Samuel Pepys himself, for that matter, would hardly have reported upon the sly scheming, the petty politics, and the frequent lapses from virtue which, in the telling, make the hero of this biography so beguiling.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown, $2.00). Continuing the story they began in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall relate the adventures of Captain Bligh and the eighteen men who were set adrift with him in an open boat in the lonely South Seas, near the Friendly Islands. Their narrative is based on facts, facts which have not been warped by melodramatic adaptation in the present version of this heart-stirring saga of suffering and grim perseverance. The voyage of Captain Bligh and his men across thirty-six hundred miles of uncharted ocean to the Dutch colony at Timor will always remain a glorious chapter in the history of man's heroism, and *Men Against the Sea* treats the chapter reverently and faithfully.

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Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.

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